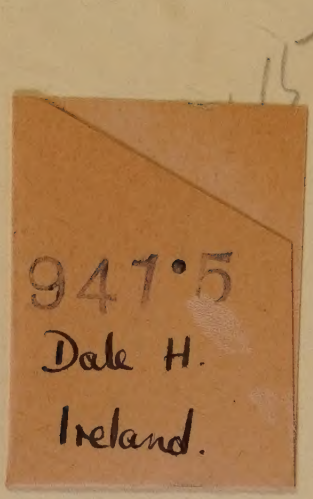
IRELAND

BY

HARRISON TEALE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

A. HEATON COOPER



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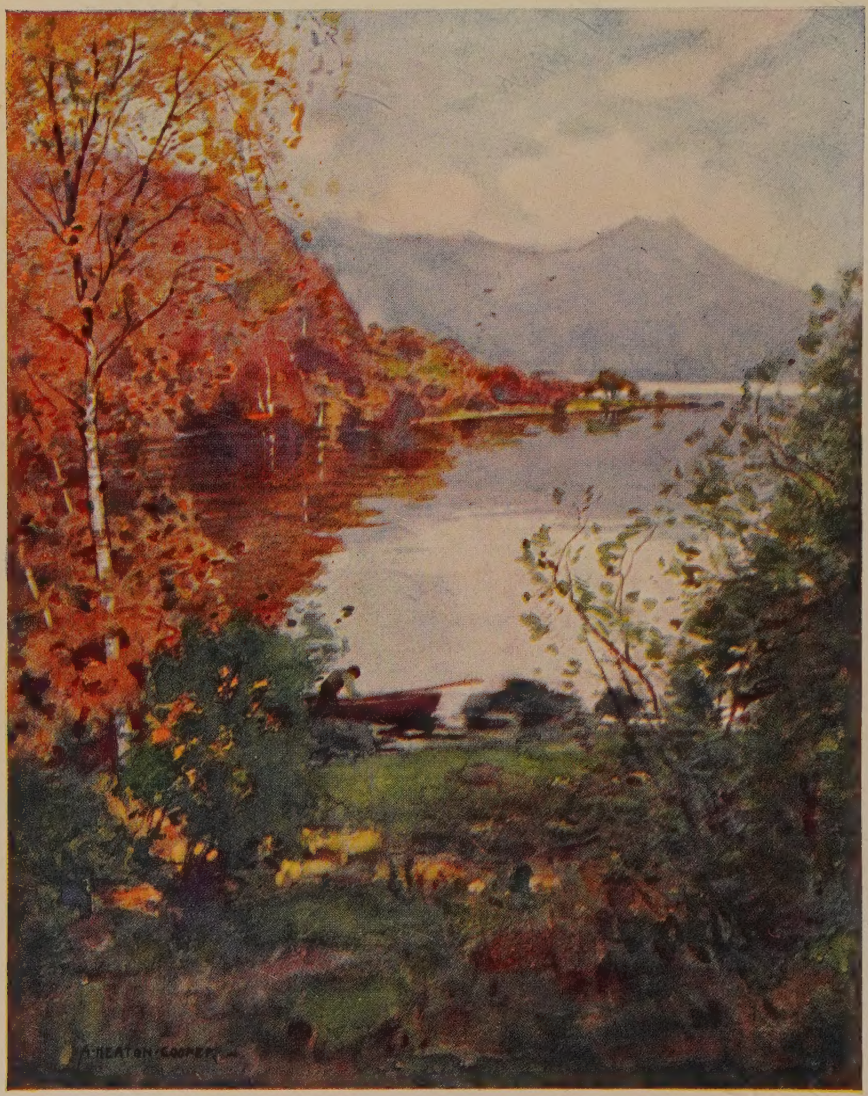

INNISFALLEN ISLAND, KILLARNEY. *Page 98*

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the authors to whom I am indebted in writing this book, but I wish particularly to acknowledge my debt to the works of Mr. Stephen Gwynn, chiefly to *The Famous Cities of Ireland.* Many details in the history of Muckross Abbey I owe to Mr. Moriarty's guide *Muckross Abbey*; in the chapter on Dublin I am indebted to Sir John Gilbert's *History of Dublin* and James Collins's *Life in Old Dublin*; and many of the biographical facts in Chapter X are to be found in more detail in *The Cabinet of Irish Literature* published by Messrs. Blackie. In a more general way I owe much to *The Annals of the Four Masters*, Keating's *General History of Ireland*, Lady Ferguson's *The Irish Before the Conquest*, A. M. Sullivan's *The Story of Ireland*, G. B. O'Connor's *Elizabethan Ireland*; and to the writings of O'Curry, Vallancey, Wakeman, and others.

HARRISON DALE.

Contents

CHAPTER I

PAGE

THE GATE OF THE NORTH 1

CHAPTER II

ROUND THE ANTRIM COAST 14

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE NORTH 31

CHAPTER IV

WEST OF THE SHANNON 57

CHAPTER V

THE VENICE AND GENOA OF IRELAND . . . 76

CHAPTER VI

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY 96

CHAPTER VII

DESMOND AND THE BLACKWATER COUNTRY . . . 116

CHAPTER VIII

FROM WATERFORD TO WICKLOW 139

CHAPTER IX

THE GLENS OF WICKLOW 154

CHAPTER X

SOME FAMOUS IRISHMEN 168

CHAPTER XI

A GLIMPSE OF DUBLIN 188

INDEX 203

List of Illustrations in Colour

		FACING PAGE
1.	Innisfallen Island, Killarney	*Frontispiece*
2.	Dunluce Castle, Giant's Causeway, Co. Antrim	26
3.	The Round Tower and Abbey, Devenish Island, in Lower Lough Erne	37
4.	Irish Cottage Life in Co. Donegal	44
5.	Mount Errigal, Gweedore, Co. Donegal	49
6.	Glen Columbkille Head, Co. Donegal	53
7.	Croagh Patrick and Clew Bay, Westport, Co. Mayo	60
8.	Achill Island, the road to Dugort	64
9.	The Twelve Pins, Connemara, Co. Galway	69
10.	Ballynahinch Castle, Connemara, Co. Galway	71
11.	Clonmacnois, King's County	74
12.	The Ancient Walled City of Athenry, Co. Galway	76
13.	Kincora on the Shannon, Co. Clare	85
14.	Limerick Castle	92
15.	Ross Castle, Killarney	97
16.	A Watery Sunset, Lough Leane, Killarney	101
17.	The Eagle's Nest, Killarney	108
18.	The Upper Lake, Killarney	112
19.	The Sea Caves of Ballybunnion, Co. Kerry	117
20.	Cork Harbour	119
21.	Glengariff, Co. Cork	122
22.	Blarney Castle, Co. Cork	124
23.	The Rock of Cashel, Co. Tipperary	133

FACING PAGE

24. Holy Cross Abbey, Thurles, Co. Tipperary - - 140
25. The Vale of Avoca, Co. Wicklow - - - 151
26. Glendalough, Co. Wicklow - - - - 154
27. St. Kevin's Church, Co. Wicklow - - - 165
28. The Dargle, Co. Wicklow - - - - 172
29. Killiney Hill and Bay, Co. Dublin - - - 177
30. Hill of Howth and Ireland's Eye, Co. Dublin - - 192
31. Carlingford Lough between Cos. Down and Louth - 199
32. Rostrevor, Co. Down - - - - - 202

Sketch-map on p. xii.

Numbers 6, 13, 17, 27, and 31 are from drawings by Francis S. Walker, R.H.A.

SKETCH-MAP OF IRELAND

IRELAND

CHAPTER I

THE GATE OF THE NORTH

Belfast Lough labours under two handicaps. Its easy proximity to England tends to make the visitor sceptical, a little disparaging of its beauty; it also suffers by anticipation of other things. The traveller, pleasantly conscious of the cosiness of a ship's bunk, feels that the Lough is only a prelude to yet lovelier scenes, and may, therefore, be cavalierly treated or altogether missed. Yet it is worth getting up early to see.

On the steamer's deck the rails and white-painted bulkheads gleam in the morning light. Aft on the poop the lifeboats, falls, and spars frown like a fire-gutted ruin, black and vague against a flame-red sun which, climbing swiftly above the stern, seems in hot pursuit of the speeding ship. Along the northern shore of the Lough the Antrim hills raise their dark crests. Southward the green slopes of Down welcome the

warming sun. To the west Belfast lies beneath a gossamer veil like a sea-queen asleep beneath a canopy. Above the city, frowning as though it still hearkened to Wolfe Tone's rebel-vow, Cave Hill stands sentinel; and the Lough, glowing like a shield of bronze, stretches eastward to the sea whose farthest waters are ploughed by a myriad keels that first took their swallow-glide from the slips of the Lagan.

Before ever setting foot ashore there is history to be told here. Over there on the Antrim side is Carrickfergus, the "Rock of Fergus," traditionally associated with Fergus mac Erc. According to one legend, Fergus sailed from here in the sixth century to re-establish the Dalriadic Irish colony in Scotland. Alternatively, it was here that his body was washed ashore when he was drowned in the Moyle. To this day there are in Carrickfergus streets the names of which transform a dim past into a vivid present — Irish Quarter, Scottish Quarter. The castle stands upon a low rock jutting into the Lough. There is a sad defiance in the square keep that, from its ninety feet, still frowns impotently down upon the little town—a grim old fighter that has had its day. John de Courcy built it in the twelfth century, and the

de Lacys held it after him. When they in turn became obnoxious, Mortimer was sent to take it. The de Lacys fled into Scotland, but returned with Edward Bruce and six thousand men, landing at Olderfleet. They took Carrickfergus, and here Bruce was crowned King of Ireland. In the fourteenth century the O'Neill held the place for a while, but in 1386 the Scots burned it, and in 1400 the Irish and Scots burned it; but it survived as the only stronghold of English power in the north until the Plantation Period. Essex landed here to take possession of the government of Ulster. Later, when the English civil wars had left it battered but still standing, Schomberg invested it, and the garrison surrendered. In the following year William landed here on his way to the Boyne. That was in 1690, and Carrickfergus rested on its laurels for nearly seventy years. Then Thurot, the Franco-Irish seaman who swept English waters at the commencement of the Seven Years' War, captured Carrickfergus, but was almost immediately driven out again to strike to an English squadron in the Irish Sea. Eighteen years later came a Scot under a different flag, Paul Jones, to capture the English frigate *Drake* in Carrickfergus Bay.

The ship goes on to her berth, leaving Carrickfergus to its memories of the centuries. Steaming in slow review past a column of tall gantries the quay is reached, and one sets foot ashore in Belfast, capital of Northern Ireland, and a city that has had its share in the making of history.

To the early Gael Belfast was only a ford across the Lagan—*Beul feirsde*, the "mouth of the sandbank." John de Courcy built a castle here in the twelfth century, but Carrickfergus was ever the greater. Belfast Castle, together with much of the surrounding region, came into the possession of Sir Arthur Chichester, who became Baron Chichester of Belfast, and in 1613 obtained for the town its first charter. Chichester brought in settlers from his own county of Devon, but the inevitable Scots were well represented by the Lowlanders introduced by the two Montgomerys and Hamilton of Ayr.

The just pride of modern Belfast is founded on the rapidity of the city's development, but still more on its stability. Cities have sometimes grown with an equal, or a greater, rapidity: they have rarely endured; but Ulster's capital is built on foundations more permanent than a sandbank. In Belfast to-day you sense things rather than find

them plainly indicated. For example, wandering about the city, I saw a brass plate outside an office. It bore a name followed by "and Co." in the usual manner. The "Co." had been scored through, and underneath in bolder type appeared the word "Son." A perfectly normal procedure in the natural course of events, yet it seemed to hold a deeper significance. It savoured of the counting-house in days when commerce was less honoured but was perhaps more honourable than it is to-day. It spoke of pride of citizenship, of commercial prestige, of heritage, of tradition. In Belfast, possibly more than anywhere else, do you find a development and progress, representative of all that is best in our modernity, built up on and clinging to the staunch old ideals of an earlier day.

Whatever points of racial origin the historian may make, Belfast folk remain proudly Irish, becoming justly indignant at any contrary suggestion. Their pioneering spirit, tenacity of purpose, and rugged sense have earned them a reputation for dourness. It is an unmerited reputation, for they possess in a marked degree the keen Irish sense of humour. They are even able to laugh at themselves, and there are few greater achievements.

In proof, the following anecdote, told to me by a staunch Orangeman, deserves re-telling:

A visitor to a Belfast working-man's home was surprised to see the wall above the fireplace adorned with two pictures, respectively of the Pope and King William. The lady of the house explained that she was a Catholic married to a Protestant. The curious guest asked whether the two pictures, representative of two such supposedly antagonistic factions, never caused trouble.

"Why wouldn't they?" replied the woman. "Sure, ivery wanst in a while himself does be comin' home wid a dhrop o' liquor taken, an' then he ups an' smashes His Holiness."

"And what then?" asked the visitor.

"Och, sure I jest wait till he's sleepin', an' then I take King Billy out an' pawn him, buy a new Pope, an' give me man the ticket to get His Majisty out agin—an' there y'are!"

This story is untrue; it is too good to be otherwise, but that it was ever manufactured is a good indication. As Mr. Stephen Gwynn remarks: "The Ulsterman may have a strong dash of religious intolerance, but he does not mind being laughed at for it." It is good to be able to laugh; it is better to be able to laugh at oneself.

There is an inevitable sameness about modern cities, as though they had been turned out, not from the same mould, but from moulds manufactured in the same factory. Belfast, in affording evidence of its nationality, does much to disprove this generalization. It delights in the unexpected —a jaunting-car bowling along a main thoroughfare, or the sudden glimpse of a mountain summit seen down the long vista of a straight street. You go out to Belle Vue, climb a series of stone steps let into the hill-face, and unexpectedly find yourself on the roof of the world, with the Lough far below appearing like a sword-blade plunged into the land, and the farms on the Down shore spread out like a patchwork quilt to air in the sun.

Since Belfast is mainly an industrial centre, an erroneous impression prevails that Ulster is an industrial province; but only a tram-ride from the city is a spot which proves how lightly the modern industrialism of Belfast lies upon the antiquity of Ulster.

At the Malone Road car terminus town and country meet. So abrupt is the change from an urban to a rural scene that it seems as though Cathbad the Druid, at his old tricks of magic, had raised at this point an invisible wall past which the

countryside could not penetrate and beyond which the town might not extend. When, in search of this fragment of ancient Ulster, I arrived here and saw the almost deserted country roads leading away in all directions, I made enquiries. A police sergeant of mature years directed me.

"The Giant's Ring, is it?" repeated the sergeant. "Well, now, many's the time I heard me father speak av it. I mind bein' there meself wanst, fifteen—no—sixteen years ago it'd be, likely. Aye, all o' that. Och, sure there's nothin' at all there, barrin' a bit av a field an' a couple av ould rocks shtickin' up in the middle av it. Anyhow, do you go along the road here a piece, past the ould church there that's closed up now an' for sale, an' keep on till ye come to the turn be the gate where I found the quare fellow (an' a mighty quare case it was, that same; but it'd be before your time, I'm thinkin'). Well, keep on an' cross the bridge an' turn to the right an' ye'll see a house—an' a mighty comfortable house, so it is—wid a slate roof; an' after a while ye'll come to a church that's a Masonic lodge at the foot av a wee lane. (Och, 'tis quare an' hard to find.) Well——"

Thanking the sergeant, I continued on foot, which is probably the best way of travelling when

there is anything to see. Yet one must be careful when walking in Ireland. Even as the buoyancy of salt water tempts the unaccustomed swimmer far out from shore, so the country roads of Ireland lure the walker on. The mountains tempt him with a deceptive nearness; every turn displays yet a lovelier scene, so that, bewitched by a subtle magic, he goes walking on until he finds the hour late, himself weary, and the mountains as far off as ever.

Beneath Shaw's Bridge the river crept regretfully away to the sea. Farther on, a thin line of woods upreared above the road. The departing sun cast long, searching beams between the tall trees, as though it had lost something among their roots and was impatient to find it and be gone. Presently came the eerie stillness of twilight, and with the dusk the soft Irish rain, more gentle upon one's face than the wondering touch of a child's fingers.

The Giant's Ring proved to be a great circle of grass surrounded by an earthwork. In the centre of this green arena is a dolmen, a little ring of upright stones surmounted by a large slab. In comparison with other megalithic structures this dolmen is neither remarkably big nor remarkably imposing; but with a mist-veiled mountain in the

background, the ghostly stirring of the wind among the leaves, and the soft murmur of rain upon the earth, it gained a mysterious quality, age-old and vaguely evil. The popular name for these cromlechs, "Druids' Altars," is modern. Formerly in Ireland they were known to the people as the Beds of Diarmid and Grania. The story, one of the finest in the Ossianic cycle, is worth a brief retelling.

Standing armour-clad and upright in his grave, hound at foot and spear in hand, Conn of the Hundred Battles had slept long in royal Brugh. His son, Art the Solitary, had fallen to the sword of Lugaid on the battlefield of Magh Mucruimbe, and now Cormac, son of Art, held kingly state in the great hall that he had built at Tara. Loveliest among the ten daughters of Cormac was Grania, affianced by her father to Finn Mac Cool, the great commander of that famous legion, the Fianna Eirinn. At the betrothal feast at Tara was Diarmid of the Love Spot, so called because of the following occurrence.

With three comrades he lodged one night in a mysterious house in which were an old man and a young maid. After various adventures in this enchanted house, the four warriors sought their

beds. The maiden came to sleep in the same room, and the light of her beauty was like a candle-flame upon the walls. One after another the warriors approached her, but she repulsed them all, saying to each: "Once I belonged to you, but I never will again." Finally, Diarmid approached her. "You also, O Diarmid, I belonged to once, but I never can again, for I am Youth." But for love of him Youth touched Diarmid upon the forehead and left the love spot there, and after that no woman could see him without loving him.

Grania had loved Diarmid of old, preferring him even to the great Finn who had spent his "prime of years in war and council, little blessed with love." At the betrothal feast Grania filled her drinking-cup with drugged wine. In this cup she was pledged by her guests excepting Diarmid, from whom the cup was withheld. When sleep had fallen upon the company, Grania compelled the reluctant Diarmid to fly with her.

Cormac and Finn, waking from their drugged sleep, hurried in pursuit. The fugitives, favoured by friends, magic and good fortune, managed to escape; but they led a hunted life, for ever in flight throughout the length and breadth of Erin. Ultimately, Diarmid was gored to death on Ben

Gulbane, in Sligo, by the magic boar that was destined at its transformation from human child into beast to bring him to his death. Finn, who had roused the boar, was present at the passing of Diarmid, and the dying warrior begged him for the water that would save his life. Reluctantly, Finn scooped water in the hollow of his hands from a near-by well. Returning, he thought of Grania and let the water spill between his fingers. A second time he fetched water, and again returning came the thought of Grania to loose his fingers. The third time he brought the water safely, only to find Diarmid smiling in death.

Then Grania mourned Diarmid, and giving his weapons to her sons, sent them forth to practise the warrior's trade until they should be capable of meeting Finn in battle to avenge their father. Finn came with soft words, and Grania, having first spoken her mind, listened. So she returned with Finn to the Hill of Allen, and when the Fianna saw them their derisive laughter rang throughout the camp, so that Grania "bowed her head in shame." The sons of Diarmid were reconciled to Finn. He and Grania lived happily ever after, and Finn spilled no more water.

That is the end of the story; but in popular

tradition these unaccountable cromlechs became the beds where Diarmid and Grania took their broken sleep while on their flight through Erin. Diarmid is the Keltic Adonis, but he is not entirely mythical. Lady Ferguson tells us that "the clan Campbell claim to be of the 'race of Brown Diarmid, who slew the wild boar,' which still figures as the cognizance of the ducal house of Argyll."

CHAPTER II

ROUND THE ANTRIM COAST

The history of all Northern Ireland is the history of three great houses—O'Donnell, O'Neill, and MacDonnell. Before becoming confused with these clan-names, for ever recurring in Irish history, a brief explanation is needed.

Connal Gulban was a son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, King of Ireland in the fourth century. From Connal are descended the Kinel Connal (race of Connal), the O'Donnells. Their country was Tyr-Connaill, roughly the modern Donegal. From Connal's brother, Eoghen or Owen, are descended the Kinel Owen, the O'Neills, whose territory was Tyr-Owen. The boundaries of these regions were naturally subject to frequent alteration, but Tyr-Owen was roughly all the country between Antrim and Donegal. All Connal's and Owen's descendants bear the clan-name Hy-Niall; but the O'Donnells of Tyrconnel and O'Neills of Tyrone are distinguished in history as the Northern Hy-

Niall, and they furnished rulers to Ireland from remote times. When the Irish kingship ceased to exist, the Northern Hy-Niall, with varying fortune, still continued to hold sway in Ulster until the seventeenth century, in all a period considerably over a thousand years.

The MacDonnells were Scoto-Gaels. The northern portion of Antrim was originally Dalriada, so called from Carbri Riada, an early Irish chieftain who began the colonization of the Isles and western coast of Scotland. The region first acquired by the Irish Gael, or Scoti, among the Picts of North Britain was *Airer-Gaedhil*, since corrupted into Argyle. At the commencement of the sixth century this Dalriadic Irish colony was almost overwhelmed by the native Picts, but the six sons of Erc crossed from Antrim and re-established it with Fergus mac Erc at its head. Dalriada thus developed into a kingdom on both sides of the Moyle, and Scotland, like Ireland, became Gaelic speaking. In Columba's time, and mainly by his exertions, the Scottish colony was recognized as an independent state and exempted from further tribute. These Scoto-Gaels paid frequent visits to their kinsmen across the water, occasionally by invitation, more frequently with the declared

intention of obtaining a foothold in Ulster. They ultimately accomplished permanent settlements in Antrim, and greatest among these warlike settlers were the MacDonnells, Lords of the Isles and founders of the Earldom of Antrim. Each of these three houses of O'Donnell, O'Neill, and MacDonnell has its local history, but by rare alliance and frequent conflict their influence throughout the entire north is too great to be localized.

Antrim, or *Andruim*, the "habitation by the waters," has more than its fair share of interest, not only because of its ancient history and its peculiarly close association with Scotland, but also because of the unrivalled beauty of its sea-shores and glens; and the way to see Antrim is to follow the coast road from Larne round to Portrush.

The railway, with a proper sense of the fitness of things, turns back inland from Larne. The road runs between the cliffs and the sea, and its first twenty-five miles to Cushendall represent something of an achievement, since it was sometimes necessary to blast through the cliff-faces in order to make it. These cliffs are not the least attraction of the eastern Antrim coast, and it is their geological formation that is so charmingly peculiar. The dark rock of their upper surfaces has been

forced up through the chalk by volcanic eruption, and the white faces of the cliffs are in sharp contrast with their dark crests. Lower down are strata of greenstone and new red sandstone. These cliffs, less wildly magnificent than those of the Atlantic coasts, retain something of the grim and naked splendour of giant headlands fiercely resisting the eternal hunger of the sea; but to soften their austerity there is purple heather, golden gorse, blue sky, and the changing colours of the Moyle.

By such a sea and beneath such a sky the road sweeps on. At Glenarm is the historic seat of the MacDonnells. The old castle was demolished in the sixteenth century when Clandonnell made Dunluce their stronghold, but it was rebuilt and enlarged in the next century, as the inscription over the gateway tells: "With the leave of God this castle was built by Sir Randalle McDonnel, Knight, Erle of Antrim, having to wife Dame Aellis O'Nill, in the year of our Lord God 1636."

Yet it is the name of O'Neill, not MacDonnell, that is most closely associated with Glenarm—Shane O'Neill, or *Shane an Diomas*, John the Proud.

Shane's father, *Con Bocagh* (Con the Lame), had surrendered the more ancient title of "The O'Neill"

for the English dignity of "Earl of Tyrone." Shane, finding it convenient to question his father's right to acknowledge a foreign lordship over the territory of the Kinel Owen and further to question the legitimacy of his own elder brother, the Baron of Dungannon, raised the O'Neills in open war. At this period Shane seems to have regarded titles with disfavour. When informed that a MacCarthy had accepted the foreign title of "Earl of Clancarty," he contemptuously exclaimed: "I keep a lacquey as noble as he." A brilliant soldier, Shane swept the north until Sidney protested that if he wished this Irish chieftain could burn "up to the gates of Dublin and go away unfought." Shane had well-nigh exterminated the MacDonnells of Antrim, and a bitter feud existed between him and the O'Donnells of Tyrconnel. In the end, as was ever the way in Irish history, the division of the clans accomplished that which no conqueror could achieve unaided; but only the Hy-Niall could ever quell the Hy-Niall. Hugh O'Donnell finally broke Shane's power at the River Swilly in Donegal. Shane, with enemies all about him, took a desperate chance. He released Sorley Boye MacDonnell from his two years' captivity and fled with the Glen chieftain to the camp of Angus Og

MacDonnell up there at Cushendun. His old enemies feasted Shane for two days, but during the revelry a brawl was born of hot words and Shane was stabbed to death by the furious MacDonnells. These Antrim Scots were less "canny" than their countrymen are traditionally supposed to be. Shane's body was flung into a pit, but it was an Englishman who had the head hacked off, despatched it to ornament the gate of Dublin Castle, and claimed the thousand pounds that was the price for the head of Shane the Proud. The MacDonnells took Shane's body, wrapped it in "a kerne's old shirt," by way of a shroud, and buried it here at Glenarm. A monk came from the O'Neills to Glenarm to beg Shane's body in order to "bury it beside his ancestors in Armagh." The Abbot of Glenarm answered: "Have you brought with you the remains of James MacDonnell, Lord of Antrim and Cantire, who was buried amongst the strangers of Armagh?" The messenger admitted that he had not done so. "Then," replied the Abbot, "whilst you continue to tread on James, Lord of Antrim and Cantire, know ye that we here in Glenarm will continue to tread on the dust of the great O'Neill."

Outside Glenarm are the precariously perched

rocks whose crazy formation is explained by their appropriate name—the "Madman's Window." The road goes on by Carnlough, nestling sleepily beside its sheltering bay, to Garron Point. From here it turns sharply inland along the shore of Red Bay, past the *Clough-a-stookan*—the pinnacled limestone rock where the rising wind cries so eerily—to Waterfoot and Glenariff.

The Glens (properly *glynns*, woods) of Antrim are the valleys which break the chain of hills extending through the country almost from Belfast to Ballycastle. Of the nine glens Glenariff is the most beautiful, largely because of the waterfalls which tumble down the glen-sides to the river. These are paradoxical falls, so to speak, indicating that even cascades of water, so essentially equal in quality to themselves, may yet be entirely different to one another in the variety and form of their beauty. For example, *Ess-na-cruib*, the "Fall of the Hoof," sprays in a double torrent from a height of 40 feet, curving out from the dark rock-face like white plumes floating on the breeze. The perfectly named "Tears of the Mountain" comes hurrying along mightily determined to the brink of the fall. Here it hesitates and is lost, one half cascading down in a foaming torrent, the other

straying in tiny falls and streams down the jagged rock, meandering like the white veins in dark marble. In Glenariff there are rushing cascades, dark pools, steep green banks, clustering wild flowers, and the shadowy silence that dwells among larch and hazel.

Beyond Cushendall the road runs inland by the Valley of Glendun and the wild moorland round Loughareema. This is one of those typically Irish regions, steeped in the "Keltic twilight," which stays in the memory long after more stereotyped landscapes are forgotten. At the top of the pass the northern coast comes into view, with Fair Head directly in front, and away to the west the far purple of the Donegal hills. Rathlin Island, lying like a twisted L in the sea, has had its share of history. Here Angus Og MacDonnell sheltered Robert Bruce when the latter fled from the Highlands after his defeat by the Lord of Lorn, and here Bruce is believed to have noticed the persistent spider that has been the bane of generations of children.

Ballycastle, at the head of the bay, is of extreme antiquity, but here one figure dominates the foreground to the exclusion of everyone else in the historical picture. Sorley Boye MacDonnell was

born in 1505 at Duniney Castle, a few stones of which still stand on a cliff overlooking Ballycastle Bay. His name is anglicized from *Somhairle Buidhe* into Sorley Boye, and finally to "Yellow-haired Charlie." Most of his long life was spent in warfare, a form of entertainment for which he seems to have possessed exceptional qualifications. He it was who, when on safe conduct in Dublin, was shown his son's head over the Castle gate. "My son has many heads," said Sorley Boye grimly. During his defiance of Essex, Sorley Boye sent the womenfolk and children of himself and his retainers to Rathlin Island for refuge. The courtly Essex, learning this, sent three frigates under Norris and Francis Drake to Rathlin, and six hundred women and children were put to the sword, while the helpless MacDonnell looked on from Fair Head. Sorley Boye fought on for some years longer, but was finally compelled to surrender to the combined weight of Perrot's artillery and his own eighty years of stormy life. So he went to Dublin, made his allegiance to Gloriana's portrait, and kissed the slipper of Her Majesty's virginal foot. He died—of all places—in his bed at Duniney Castle in 1590, and his grave is in the ruined church of Bun-na-Margie Friary, in ground

where the Clandonnell lie thick as leaves in autumn.

This old Franciscan foundation of Bun-na-Margie at Ballycastle is said to have been built so early as the twelfth century by William de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, and first of the sept MacUillan or MacQuillan; but though the MacQuillans claimed the friary, the MacDonnells made it their own by right of conquest and occupation. Round its walls Sorley Boye fought the MacQuillans on more than one occasion. In 1584 two English captains lodged their men and horses in the church, but that same night came "certayne troupes of Skottes on foot, and about six horsemen with them, who had upon their staves wadds lighted, wherewyth they soddaynely sett the roofe of the church, being thatched, on fyer. . . . Ther wer bornt in the church seven horses and seven hackneys." Although it is said to have been repaired, the destruction of the church dates from this time, and the period was an unfavourable one for church building. However, it continued as a burial-place for the MacDonnells, the chieftains being interred within the chapel, the clansmen in the surrounding graveyard.

The most interesting local legend connected with Bun-na-Margie is that of the Black Nun.

She was Julia MacQuillan, who in the mid-seventeenth century adopted the life of a recluse in the ruined friary. Despite her piety, she seems to have retained a good deal of the family pride, together with a profound consciousness of her own virtue. Her sister, who had found the broad way to be more comfortable travelling than the narrow path, came in repentant mood one night to the Black Nun's cell to beg her prayers. Julia refused to answer the sinner's pleadings, but, finding herself moved to compassion, and fearful for her own determination, she fled out into the night. When she returned, she saw a radiance issuing from the cell, and her repentant sister kneeling with joined hands in the path of miraculous light, while a voice said: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Answering, "I come," the sinner fell forward in death. The legend has it that from this time the Black Nun tempered her piety with charity. Her grave was made where the west doorway originally stood. This was done to fulfil her own wish that her body should lie beneath the feet of all who passed in and out of the church.

Four miles west of Ballycastle is Carrick-a-rede, so often the subject of illustration that it is almost as familiar as the Egyptian Pyramids. It is a

precipitous rock, separated from the mainland by a chasm 60 feet wide at the point where the suspension-bridge crosses it. This connecting bridge is made of two cables fastened to iron rings at each end, and over the transverse ropes that join the cables a planking is laid and lashed. This bridge is only two planks wide, and it sways horribly from side to side, sags downward with every step, and the side-rope that is used as a hand-rail swings outward at the least pressure. I hold that the best way to enjoy the thrill Carrick-a-rede offers is to persuade a stranger to make the crossing, and from the security of the mainland to watch him cross and return. It is easier to agree with this opinion when it is remembered that the drop into the channel is over 80 feet. In calm weather the bridge is probably much safer than it appears, and the men of the region carry heavy loads across, but the look of the contraption is sufficient for many people, the writer included.

The ruins of "Dunseverick's windy tower" are on the summit of an almost inaccessible cliff about three miles from the Giant's Causeway. The existing shell, ruinous as it is, is modern in comparison with the earlier Dunseverick. This was a fort of the Kelt in the dawn of Irish history,

where the chieftains of Uladh held their hostages. The stones of this ancient fort were probably used to build the present medieval castle, now so ruinous. There is something terrible in the antiquity of the place, but unless one has the Keltic imagination there is little enough to see. All along here are the cliffs forming the commencement of that stupendous range of columnar basalt, the Giant's Causeway. Ireland has at least two possessions famous throughout the world—Killarney and the Causeway. The latter is so often referred to as a sort of geological freak that the ordinary traveller is inclined to shy at it; but one does not need to be a geologist to marvel, for example, at the Chimney Tops when the Atlantic is thundering about their base and the white sea-birds are floating downwards, seeming like drifting snow-flakes against the darkness of the jagged cliffs. The Causeway, however, should be seen, not read of, and it has been so frequently pictured—always more successfully in paint than in print—that, perhaps we may be excused the description of it. Dunluce Castle, perched on a dark crag, and looking out upon "the foam of perilous seas," affords a more suitable subject.

Dunluce, or Dunlois, "the strong fort," is one

DUNLUCE CASTLE, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, Co. ANTRIM

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of the most picturesquely situated ruins in Ireland. The rock on which it stands is almost entirely surrounded by the sea. On the landward side a chasm some fifty feet deep completes its isolation. This cleft was formerly spanned by a drawbridge, but now a single narrow arch bridges the gulf. Dunluce was a stronghold of the MacQuillans, but Colla MacDonnell, after assisting MacQuillan in a victorious local warfare against the O'Cahan, turned his attention to Dunluce itself. MacQuillans and MacDonnells fought time and again, until the latter were finally victorious at Slieve-an-aura, and Colla MacDonnell became Constable of Dunluce, to be succeeded after his death by the great Sorley Boye. Shane O'Neill routed the MacDonnells at Ballycastle, taking Sorley Boye prisoner. He then appeared before Dunluce, but it proved too strong for him. Shane, therefore, brought his prisoner, Sorley Boye, before the castle, and swore to starve him to death in sight of the garrison if they would not surrender—which they did. Twenty years later Perrot, the Lord-deputy, reduced Dunluce with artillery in Sorley Boye's absence, and made Sir Peter Carey its governor. Two of Carey's garrison, conspiring with the MacDonnells, drew fifty clansmen up the rock

into the castle by night. They killed the governor, and Clandonnell once again held Dunluce until Sorley Boye made his final submission, receiving back the castle on payment of the customary tribute of cattle and hawks.

Dunluce was a feudal castle of considerable size. The great hall was 70 feet, and one of the two courtyards 120 feet long. Two circular towers, Queen Maeve's and MacQuillan's, are still standing, and the walls in the latter are 8 feet in thickness. At the northern end are the remains of the kitchen, part of which collapsed in 1639, carrying eight servants down the cliff in its ruins. Both the castle and the rock on which it stands are gradually crumbling; but the charm of an old house is that it has outlived life, and Dunluce has outlived generations. On calm days the noise of the surf on the rocks below is like the scream of swords plucked from their scabbards. Dunluce is desolate, yet something of the glamour of the past still lingers about it.

Between Dunluce and Portrush are the White Rocks, gashed and shaped by the sea into all kinds of queer arches, grotesque pillars, and fantastic curves. From Ramore Head, the end of the promontory upon which Portrush stands, one can

look eastward to the Causeway, or westward to dark Inishowen. The temptation to continue westward must be resisted, for here the Antrim coast ends, and our road goes south by "reed-fringed and bird-haunted" Lough Neagh.

Lough Neagh is content with the title of largest —and geologists say oldest—lake in the British Isles. It is at its best at the northern end, where the shores are well-wooded, but it is not particularly beautiful elsewhere. All Irish lakes either conceal buried treasure or buried cities. Local tradition holds that a city once flourished here which was submerged when the lake was formed by an irruption of the sea: the round towers of this city have even been seen beneath the water. Another legend tells that Finn Mac Cool, in pursuit of a Scots giant, stooped and tore about one-sixth of Antrim out of the earth, flinging it after the Scot. The mass flew over the giant's head and fell into the sea, forming the island now known as Man, from its Danaan patron Manannan, son of the sea-god Lir.

There has been a town of sorts at Antrim for some fifteen hundred years. Aodh, a disciple of Patrick, founded a monastery here at the close of the fifth century, and the fragments of it still

remain. Near by, like a gigantic finger accusingly pointed, stands the round tower. This tower, a very perfect specimen, is not much less than 100 feet high. It has the conical cap and the four windows, facing the cardinal points, common to round towers. Aodh's monastery was destroyed by the Ostmen in one of their forays, and some years ago many human bones were found near the base of the tower.

From here road or rail runs swiftly to the southern border of the county and the round is concluded. A few of Antrim's many possessions have here been mentioned in the baldest prose; but this lovely county has qualities less easy to catalogue. One of these it was that impelled Miss Moira O'Neill, the Laureate of the Glens, to write from the other side of the Atlantic:

> Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin',
> Clearer for half o' the world between,
> Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin',
> Whiles ye are nearer than snow-tops keen;
> Dreams o' the night an' a night-wind callin'—
> What is the half o' the world between?

CHAPTER III

ACROSS THE NORTH

ARMAGH is the first considerable town at which the train from Belfast through Monaghan to Enniskillen breaks its west-bound journey. Armagh stands upon a hill-top with its houses clustered in the shadow of cathedral spires. Outlined against the sky, this quaint old town seems to have fallen intact out of one of Dürer's etchings. Medieval? Armagh is older than the Middle Ages. It was called *Druim-sailech*, the "hill of sallows," and *Ard-sailech*, the "height of sallows." *Ard-macha*, the "high place," is linked with Macha, the red-haired warrior-princess who built Emania more than two thousand years ago. Emania, next to Tara the most famous of the royal palaces of ancient Erin, stood a mile or so to the west of the modern Armagh. *Eo-muin*, a "pin of the neck," is one explanation of the name, and legend tells that Macha marked out the site of her stronghold with the pin of her brooch. Emania, now known

as the Navan fort, certainly existed, and its ruined fortifications, covering several acres, may still be seen. The Knights of the Craev Rua, or Red Branch, one of the earliest orders of European chivalry, had their house at Emania, whence Cuchulain, Connal Carnach, Keltchar, and other mighty champions sallied forth on many a high quest. Here, according to the old legend, Naesi and his brothers were betrayed and Deirdre chanted the death-song above their graves; but Emania, "shining like a star, bright brooch on Erin's breast," is to-day only a memory.

At Armagh St. Patrick built the *Damhliag mor*, or great church, to which was attached the university and the royal cemetery, of which no traces remain. Its ancient heritage of scholarship, however, is the abiding glory of Armagh, for it was in its day one of the greatest seats of learning in Ireland. Our age, rather more notorious for its sciolism than famous for its scholarship, is too given to the derisive application to Ireland of the definition "Island of Saints and Scholars." With the saintliness of the scholars we are not concerned, but it is indisputable that Ireland was one of the leading centres of culture throughout the darkest period of European history. The country that was

justly called the "University of Europe," that preserved the "elsewhere absolutely vanished" Greek tongue, and that produced a line of scholars that began before Johannes Scotus, the father of scholasticism, can afford to ignore the jibes of the uninformed. Armagh was one of the greatest of the early Christian Irish schools, with its own Saxon quarter and Albanian quarter, and seven thousand students are said to have been congregated here at one period. Bede wrote of these foreign students in Ireland:—"all of whom the Scots (Irish) received most cordially, and provided with daily food free of charge, as likewise with books and gratuitous information."

Armagh was plundered and destroyed so many times that it is impossible to record the history of its vicissitudes. The Ostmen attacked it on seventeen occasions during two centuries, and in later days the Irish or the Royalists occupied or ravaged it no less than five times in forty years. When Grey was Deputy the Queen was told that there were only ashes and carcasses left here for her to rule over; but Armagh still survives. Curiously, there are here the ruins of a fort of the Gael which has existed for more than two thousand years, and the St. Patrick's Protestant Cathedral stands on a

site consecrated to Christianity for over fifteen centuries. In St. Patrick's lies Niall of the Nine Hostages; and near by is the body of Brian of the Tribute, borne here from Swords after the bloody victory of Clontarf.

The spires of Armagh sink from sight as the west-bound train speeds on, flashing past smiling meadows and wooded knolls; by tiny streams bubbling and chuckling between grassy banks; past clumps of tall trees spreading their shadows like cloaks of dark velvet upon the green and lovely earth; past white roads winding between dusky hedges; past level-crossings where laughing children wave fat hands and donkeys wait patiently with their noses thrust against the gate-bars; by cool pastures where cattle drowse and colts fling up their heels and dash wildly away from the rumbling train. The sunlight bathes the land, and through the carriage-window comes the smell of honeysuckle and the delicious scent of grass newly cut.

Everywhere here there is history and the echo of battles long ago. A plain some two miles or so north of Armagh was the scene of the battle of the northern Blackwater, or, as the Irish knew it, *Beal an atha buidh*, the "mouth of the yellow ford." Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone and nephew of

Shane the Proud, together with Red Hugh O'Donnell and an army of five thousand, here defeated an equal force under Bagnal. In this encounter the English lost more than seventeen hundred men, and Bagnal, after putting up a gallant fight, was shot through the head and left dead on the field.

Beyond Tynan a famous corner of the famous County Tyrone has wedged itself down between Armagh and Monaghan. Tyrone is still the O'Neill's country, though Hugh and his clansmen are gone and Tyrowen's war-cry *Lamh dearg aboo!* no longer thunders from Dungannon's hill to the fords of the Blackwater. Across this river into Tyrone, at a point some six miles north-west of Armagh, the Irish were again victorious. Here the great Owen Roe O'Neill in 1646 met and defeated a superior force under the Scottish general, Monroe. In this battle the losses of the vanquished party were disastrous, more than three thousand being slain, while the Irish lost only seventy men. Three years later Owen Roe died at Cloughoughter Castle in Cavan, and Ireland had lost the only soldier capable of competing with the military genius of Cromwell. The royal standard of the O'Neill, it may be noted, was the Red Right

Hand upon a white ground. This, the famous cognizance of Tyrowen, is now more familiar as the Red Hand of Ulster.

Monaghan, which is in the Free State, was anciently part of the sword-land of Orghiall. The MacMahons were the local lords of the soil. Monaghan, or Muinechan, is the "town of the monks," but there is no trace of ecclesiastical ruins there, and the whole county is poor in archæological remains. The Free State is only glimpsed at this point, for Monaghan is soon crossed and Northern Ireland re-entered near Clones on the Fermanagh border.

Fermanagh was *Feor magh eanagh*, the "country of the lakes," to the old Irish. For several centuries it was known as MacGuire's Country, from the ruling family of that name. It was made shire ground in the early years of Elizabeth's reign, but that Maguire still ruled may be gathered from the chieftain's famous reply to the Lord-deputy when the latter proposed to send a sheriff into his territory. Maguire said that the officer would be received, but added that he desired to know his *eric* (the fine for blood-shedding according to the Irish law), so that if the officer should chance to be killed the fine might be levied on the offender's

THE ROUND TOWER AND ABBEY, DEVENISH ISLAND, IN LOWER LOUGH ERNE

Page 40

possessions. Maguire, like O'Cahan in Derry, MacQuillan in the Route, and many another, was really a subsidiary chieftain always overshadowed in the north by the two great houses of the Hy-Niall; but it is an historical fact, shedding a significant light on medieval Ireland, that Edward of England despatched a letter to Laveragh Mac Gwyre asking his aid in the prosecution of the war in Scotland. It is said that a few years after Elizabeth's death Con mac Shane O'Neill and Brian Maguire were the only native Irish in this locality of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the report made to the English Government on the state of the plantation.

The appropriateness of the old name, "country of the lakes," is recognized by a glance at the map. Lower Lough Erne divides the northern half of the county, and the Upper Lough extends through the length of the remaining half. Where the Lower Lough narrows at its southern end there is an island on which the greater part of Enniskillen is situated.

When I came to Enniskillen, a porter, standing on the platform with his head thrown back and his eyes shut, was chanting in the unintelligible fashion of porters the world over a dirge ending with an

explanatory "Shligo." He reminded me of a story I once heard. A new porter was employed on a small station in the west of Ireland. The stationmaster protested that the porter did not render musically enough the names of the stations.

"Don't speak them—sing them!" directed the stationmaster. (A "slogan" writer in his spare time, apparently.)

A train came in the next day and the passengers were probably amused to hear a stentorian voice chanting in a rich Connacht brogue:

> Shwate dhrameland faces passing to and fro—
> Change here fer Ga-al-way, Lim'rick, an' May-yo.

Enniskillen is like a maiden lady approaching placid age while still retaining sufficient youth to justify a modest pride in her personal appearance. There is a winding street—not too wide—with windows made for decorous peeping. There is something of the stillness of a cathedral close; neat little inns, one or two of which seem quietly proud of the qualification "Temperance"; prim white curtains; and that indefinable atmosphere that makes one think of black lace mittens. Bridges at either end connect the town with the mainland; and if you see it from the right point in that hour when the sunset wraps its greyness in a

mantle of soft gold, it is rather like an enchanted town wherein one looks for, and finds, the turrets of Castle Perilous.

Lower Lough Erne, the more beautiful of the two lakes, is considered by many to be the loveliest sheet of water in Ireland. Certainly the lake has "atmosphere," that essential quality of all outstandingly beautiful scenery. This atmosphere is a subtle possession, difficult to capture. The camera, a thing of mechanism, can never reproduce it. Photographs are only reflections in a mirror, "processed" into permanence. Sometimes a painter with a poet's soul can breathe life into a pictured canvas, but only rarely. Irish scenery, unsurpassed though it is, has sometimes that atmosphere of loneliness, that mournful beauty which, both in nature and in art, has become recognized and defined as "Keltic." You see it mirrored in the still waters of dark mountain tarns. You find it where the lone peaks of Donegal stand in sombre majesty beneath the northern sky. Go up where the rain-wind mourns above the purple-splashed moors of the west and learn what "lonesomeness" can mean.

That sad beauty is not found here. "Sylvan" best describes the atmosphere. It is as if Nature,

having served her apprenticeship elsewhere, created Lough Erne as the consummate expression of her art.

There are sloping banks with green glades dappled by the sunshine that slips between the leafy arches of tall trees. Here clusters a little forest, the trees standing amid cool and tempting shadows cast for their own delight. There the shore has widened into a rolling meadow with smooth lawns and little grassy knolls that glitter like emeralds against the darker background. Here the bank has grown jealous of the beauty on the opposite shore and has stolen out into the lake for a closer view, making a long wooded promontory and a little bay whose still waters mirror the loveliness of the land. And yonder the steep face of a thickly wooded hill transforms the merely beautiful into the entirely perfect.

The Lower Lough has hundreds of little islands. At one point the waterway is dotted with them, gemmed into the semblance of a miniature Ægean. One of the most historical is Devenish, with its round tower and the ruins of an abbey founded by Molaise fourteen centuries ago. Molaise was of "exalted lineage, of the tribe of Irial, son of Connal Cearnaigh," and seventh in descent from a

king of Uladh, all of which is set out in detail in the *Annals of the Four Masters.*

The round tower, repaired in the last century, is perfect. It has a cornice divided into four equal sections, each containing a sculptured human head facing towards one of the four points of the compass, but the architectural beauty of the tower is in the painstaking workmanship. The stones were accurately chiselled to the inside and outside curve. This, together with the dovetailing of the blocks into one another and the small quantity of mortar used in cementing them, gives a remarkable smoothness to the surface, the joints of the stones being hardly perceptible. Little else that is not entirely ruinous remains to testify to the departed glory of Devenish. The treeless island, too, lacks the charm of Ely or Paris Islands, whose fairy woods draw unwilling eyes from other beauty to linger upon their loveliness; but on Devenish there is a monastic calm, a suggestion of that simple faith which, in an earlier day, walked with God in green fields and knew contentment.

On the northern shore of the lough, a little to the Donegal side of Pettigo, stands the castle of Termon MacGrath, a picturesque old ruin, one wall of which is rent from ground to turret, even

as the Cromwellian guns left it. It stands upon ground that was originally part of the "Termon" of St. Daveog of Lough Derg, of which the MacGraths were hereditary wardens. The castle is noteworthy because of its association with Myler MacGrath, possibly the most unpleasantly remarkable character in Irish history.

Enshrined in a niche of his own making, Myler MacGrath will live for ever, undisputed possessor of the title, the world's most sublime hypocrite. A Franciscan monk who appears to have entered the Church entirely for his own advancement, he became Bishop of Down and Connor. Finding that preference lay outside that denomination, he changed with the times and was appointed first Protestant Bishop of Clogher by Elizabeth in 1570. Clogher proved to be too near home, and only five months later Myler, probably by the influence of his foster-brother, Shane O'Neill, was appointed Archbishop of Cashel. Finally he managed to obtain not only Lismore and Waterford, but also Achonry and Killaloe, together with benefices in many dioceses. The services for which he obtained them are better not considered, for MacGrath was that rare product, an Irishman treacherous to his own race and creed.

A year or so before his death, Myler wrote his epitaph in the Latin verse of the period. In its translation occur the well-known doggerel lines:

> I served thee, England, fifty years in jars,
> And pleased thy princes in the midst of wars.

Myler lived to the great age to which virtuous life is sometimes prolonged—one hundred years. His grave was on the Rock of Cashel, but whether it contains his body has been the subject of some controversy.

To journey from Enniskillen to Pettigo and from Pettigo up the four miles of road to Lough Derg is to experience one of those swift transitions from "smiling landscape" to wild grandeur which make Irish travel a delightful series of experiments in the unexpected. At Lough Erne all is limestone, wooded hills, and still beauty. Lough Derg is set amid a desolate country and guarded by sombre hills. The traveller needs neither the guide-book nor the topographical peculiarities of Pettigo—half in and half out of Northern Ireland—to tell him that at Lough Derg he is in Donegal.

Lough Derg has been a place of pilgrimage for nearly fifteen hundred years. The name means

the "red lake," but should more properly be Lough *Deirge*, the "lake of the cave." On one of the lake's rocky islands is a deep and narrow cave which from earliest times was regarded with superstitious horror. It is said that the fame of this cave had travelled to the farthest East centuries before the Christian era, and a description in the Sacred Books of the East is supposed to refer to it. Early tradition held that the evil spirits banished by the advent of Christianity had here taken refuge. St. Patrick, to dispel this superstition, is said to have spent some forty days there in prayer and fasting, and to have beheld in vision the temporal punishments of Purgatory. In the twelfth century an Irish soldier, returning from the Low Countries, made the pilgrimage to Lough Derg. Penetrating into the cave, he found himself in the abode of spirits. He crossed a narrow bridge and witnessed the tortures of the damned in the gulf beneath, finally arriving among the saved on the other side. From here he returned by another way to the world of men. His relation of his adventures was set down by the monk Gilbert, who gave the manuscript to Henry of Saltrey. From Henry of Saltrey's work the story spread through Europe. Matthew Paris records the

IRISH COTTAGE LIFE IN Co. DONEGAL

Purgatory legend; Dante is said to have based the *Commedia* upon it; and Calderon found in it a theme worthy of the high moral ideal which rescued seventeenth-century Spanish drama from decadence.

Much controversy has raged round St. Patrick's connection with Lough Derg, but it seems probable that the saint actually spent a certain time in the cave. There is an ancient inscribed stone that tells of a pilgrimage made to Lough Derg by St. Mac Nessi, first Bishop of Clogher, who died in 514, and was therefore contemporary with Patrick. This at least indicates that the lake had become a place of pilgrimage soon after Patrick's death, and from that time to our own day it has so continued. Here in the twelfth century came O'Rourke, Prince of Breffny, and during his absence his wife Devorgilla, "the Irish Helen," fled with Dermot of Leinster, thereby unconsciously furnishing the prologue to one of the sorriest books of history ever written. In 1632 the English Government destroyed the religious establishment on Saints Island, Lough Derg, and in the reign of Anne all pilgrimages to the place were prohibited and the offenders punished by public flogging. The only result of this tolerant and far-seeing legislation

seems to have been an increase in the popularity of the pilgrimage, which continued to flourish until, in our own time, the annual number of pilgrims is said to vary between four thousand and more than twice that number.

We have drifted almost unconsciously into Donegal without mentioning anything of the county's history; it is briefly told. This was Tyrconnel, O'Donnell's country. Donegal, a comparatively modern name, is derived from *Dun-na-n-gall*, the "fort of the stranger," which referred more particularly to the place now occupied by the town of Donegal in the bight of Donegal Bay. The history of Tyrconnel is that of an independent Irish principality until the last years of Elizabeth's reign; from that time its tag of history is the story of the two Hughs. Red Hugh O'Donnell, the fifteen-years-old son of the conqueror of Shane the Proud, had been treacherously decoyed aboard a ship at Rathmullen, on Lough Swilly. After being imprisoned for three years in the Bermingham Tower of Dublin Castle, held as hostage for the good conduct of Tyrconnel, Hugh escaped. He was recaptured at Powerscourt in Wicklow. A year later he again escaped in the depth of winter in company with Art O'Neill. The latter died

from exposure on the Wicklow Hills, but Hugh was rescued by Feagh O'Byrne and sheltered in Glenmalure. Thence he was brought in safety to Dungannon, the seat of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. Hugh O'Neill, brought up in the Elizabethan Court, had long wavered in his allegiance. He had been largely instrumental in arranging O'Donnell's escape, and the two Hughs formed an alliance, promising to bury the ancient feuds between their families—a rare instance of an alliance between two great Irish clans. Some years later, in 1599, the English were being slowly driven back within the Pale, and Essex with his huge army of 20,000 men had been outwitted, and had paid for his error on the block in the Tower of London. Then the treachery of Nial Garv intervened. This Nial the Fierce was Red Hugh's cousin, and being the elder, he considered the O'Donnell chieftaincy rightly his own. The English promised him the Earldom of Tyrone, and Nial fell. In Red Hugh's absence he seized Lifford, which commanded one of the passes into Tyrconnel, and later the town of Donegal itself. Here Red Hugh blockaded Nial Garv and the English, but learning that his Spanish allies had landed at Kinsale, he left Tyrconnel to Nial and hurried southward. At Kinsale

the two Hughs and the Spaniards were defeated by the English. Red Hugh fled to Spain to raise further assistance, and died suddenly at Simancas. He was buried in the Cathedral of St. Francis at Valladolid in 1602. Five years later Hugh O'Neill and Rory O'Donnell, successor to Red Hugh in the chieftaincy of Tyrconnel, sailed from Rathmullen with various of their kinsmen. This was the "Flight of the Earls," an episode famous in Irish history and poetry. Hugh of Tyrone died at Rome, and his grave is on the Janiculum Hill. From this time onwards Donegal has no longer any history.

The boundary-line that divides Northern Ireland in the west from the Free State county of Donegal follows a zigzag northerly course from Lough Derg to Lough Foyle, and some five miles inland from the sea, on the western bank of the River Foyle, is Derry—a city that cannot be dismissed with a paragraph. The Maiden City, famous for its gallant defence in the siege of 1689, has a history that requires a volume. Because of this, and also because its story is so widely known, we must leave Derry to the memory of achievements which the praise or the condemnation of a fugitive journalist can neither embellish nor modify. Instead, about

MOUNT ERRIGAL, GWEEDORE, Co. DONEGAL. *Page 55*

half-way between Derry and Lough Swilly, there is a monument of antiquity that was centuries old before Solomon brought cedars from Lebanon to build the temple of Jerusalem—Aileach of the Kings.

Grianan-Aileach is a circular fort of unmortared stone on the summit of a hill 800 feet above sea-level. The origin of the fort and the etymology of the name have been the subjects of considerable controversy. This much is certain. Aileach is pre-Christian, dating between 1,000 and 1,700 years before Christ, and it was a royal dun, or fortress, from time immemorial, being so marked by Ptolemy in the second century. Literally, *aileach* means "stony," or "made of stone," while *grianan* is the "place of the sun." That the fort was ever a temple of the Sun-God was denied by Petrie, and Dr. Hyde rendered *grianan* simply as "the sunny house," or bower. This was the residence of the Northern Hy-Niall, who, some few years after Patrick's death, came to an arrangement with the Southern Hy-Niall that the High Kingship of Ireland should be held alternately between them. Thus at one time the Southern Hy-Niall ruled from Tara; at another, the Northern Hy-Niall from Aileach. Even when not holding the king-

ship, the ruler of Aileach remained a person of considerable importance, even receiving "rights" from the ruling monarch in recognition of his authority as head of the Northern Hy-Niall. *The Book of Rights* records that "the King of Aileach . . . when he was not King of Eire, is entitled to sit by the side of the King of Eire at banquet and at fair, and to go before the King of Eire at assemblies. . . . And he is entitled to receive from the King of Eire fifty swords, fifty shields, and fifty bondmen, and fifty dresses, and fifty steeds." His other perquisites from various sources included fifty drinking-horns, a hundred cloaks, a hundred sheep, and even greater numbers of cows and hogs.

The final destruction of Aileach took place in 1088. Mac Loughlin, Prince of Aileach, invaded Thomond (Munster) and destroyed the palace of Kincora. Mortogh O'Brien, King of Thomond, waited three years, during which he rebuilt Kincora; then he marched into Ulster, burned Aileach, and made every man of his army bear away a stone of it. Even so, a good deal of the ancient fort remained, principally the "cashel," or watch-tower; but this was the last of Aileach, although the title "King of Aileach" was retained until the close of the

twelfth century. The fort does not appear to have been restored afterwards until it was reconstructed from the existing ruins by Dr. Bernard of Derry in the last century.

Of the innumerable legends connected with Aileach the most interesting is one sometimes met with elsewhere in Ireland. In a cave underneath the hill upon which Aileach stands are a body of Hugh O'Neill's horsemen, sunk in magic slumber. Clothed in the full panoply of war, mounted on fierce steeds, and each man gripping a naked blade, they await the hour of their country's need. Only one predestined individual can awaken them, but it is on record that a countryman once wandered into the cave. One of the horsemen roused and asked in a terrible voice if "the hour was come"; but the terrified intruder was unable to reply, and the horseman once again resumed his enchanted sleep.

From the Grianan hill much of the loveliness that is Ireland is visible. It is said that on a clear day the Isles of Scotland can be seen from this point. With a lesser visibility the prospect remains one of the finest in the country. Eastward the nestling farmlands stretch from Derry down to the blue line of the farthest hills of Tyrone. West-

ward the lakes are scattered like flung gems on the lovely breast of Donegal; and northwards is Tyrowen of the Islands—Inishowen—with lovely Lough Swilly sweeping from the sea half-way into the county. This northern region is Columba's country, both by birth and association.

Columba—Columbkille, "the Dove of the Churches"—was born in 521 at Gartan, over there to the westward of Lough Swilly. He was of the royal blood of Niall, and his mother, Ethna, was a Leinster princess. After Patrick, Columba is the greatest of Irish Churchmen. He studied at various schools in Ireland, and ultimately founded his first monastery at *Doire-Calgaich*, the "oak wood of Calgach," from which Derry takes its name. St. Finnian of Moville, a former tutor of Columba's, had a jealously guarded copy of the Gospels which he had brought from Rome. Columba made a secret copy of this gospel, but he was discovered and Finnian claimed the copy. Columba refused to surrender it, and the dispute was referred to King Diarmid at Tara. The King's judgment in Finnian's favour probably represents the first recorded decision in a question of copyright: "To every cow belongeth her calf, so to every book belongeth its copy." Columba threatened vengeance

GLEN COLUMBKILLE HEAD, Co. DONEGAL

on the King, and when his sanctuary was later invaded by Diarmid's officers he hurried to Tyrconnel and roused his own kinsmen against the King. The armies met at Cooldrewney, near Sligo, and Diarmid was defeated. Remorse for the bloodshed he had caused now came to Columba, and he wandered about the country seeking advice on the question of an appropriate penance. St. Molaise, of Devenish in Lough Erne, resolved the difficulty by directing Columba to leave Ireland and never to look on it again. So the Dove of the Churches went to his Dalriadic kinsmen in Scotland and there founded the famous monastery of Hy, or Iona. This was the first of that chain of foundations of the Columban Church in Scotland—twenty-nine in number—stretching from Skye in the west to Deer in the east, and from the northern Rosmarkyn south to Melrose. From Iona went forth Aiden, the Irish bishop who established that other great monastery at Lindisfarne and converted to Christianity the kingdom of Northumbria.

Columba returned to Ireland on one occasion to represent the Scottish colony at the convention of Drumceat. Tradition says that he came blindfolded and so remained while in Ireland. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that his exile affected

him keenly. Verse, still extant and generally recognized as Columba's own composition, breathes that longing of the exile for Ireland that has too often furnished the theme for Irish poetry. In Irish, the oldest spoken tongue in Europe and one singularly rich in the poetical metaphor common to Eastern languages (or to languages having an Eastern origin), Columba's poetry retains its full beauty. Even after suffering translation it has considerable charm:

How happy is the son of Dimma, of the devout church,
When he hears in Durrow the desire of his mind,
The sound of the wind against the elms, when 'tis played,
The blackbird's joyous note, when he claps his wings,
And listens at early dawn in Ros-Grencha to the cattle,
And the cooing of the cuckoo from the tree, on the brink of summer.

The copy of the Gospels which Columba made became the famous *Cathach*, "The Battler," and for a thousand victorious years the O'Donnells bore it as a battle-standard. The procedure was for a clerk "free from mortal sin" to carry the Cathach three times round the army to ensure victory. This venerated book, fifty-eight vellum pages enclosed in a wonderful outer case of gold-gilded silver studded with precious stones, still exists in the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin.

Gartan is about midway between Derry and Gweedore, and Gweedore is centrally situated for all this western country of Donegal, treeless but wildly magnificent, which extends from Horn Head south to Killybegs. It would be easy to write of this region until further orders. There is Tory Island off the northern coast—Tor Inis, the history of which goes back to the dawn of time; Bloody Foreland, that sinister sounding headland that takes its name from the blood-red glint of the setting sun upon it; Errigal, the highest peak in Donegal, with its belt of white quartz making it a sort of Irish Fujiyama, perpetually snow-crowned; and the ceaseless wonder of the sea that has stormed all the way from Cape Race to fling its furious foam against the gigantic face of Glen Head. A little farther south at the town of Donegal are the ruins of Donegal Castle, which, though little more than three centuries old, serve as an historical milestone marking the days when Tyrconnel's dread war-cry *O'Donnell aboo!* rang from Lough Swilly southward to the Golden Vale, and beyond. At Donegal there is also the remnant of an abbey where those old scholars wrote the history of their country, the famous *Annals of the Four Masters*, and incidentally proved that Donegal was the home

of bard and scholar and not alone the land of the greatest fighting clan in Erin.

Yet Donegal is not the whole of Ireland, and we have lingered overlong. The road goes south by "where the sunny waters fall at Assaroe, near Erna's shore" into Leitrim.

CHAPTER IV

WEST OF THE SHANNON

Leitrim, Cavan, and part of Fermanagh was originally Breffny, subdivided into Breffny O'Reilly (the present Cavan) and Breffny O'Rourke (Leitrim), both taking their name from local chieftains. The O'Rourkes were never so great a house as O'Neill or O'Donnell, but they existed as independent chieftains in Leitrim until the mid-sixteenth century, and the name figures more than once in Irish history.

The natural beauty of Connacht mostly lies along the coast, and except for a couple of miles of seaboard wedged between Donegal and Sligo, Leitrim is an inland county. Yet it has the charm that graces so many spots that lie off the beaten track and a beauty that is all its own. There is a high point on the road a few miles north of Manorhamilton whence the whole region back to the Donegal border may be viewed. Here the height cannot be very great, yet it seems as though one

stood upon the roof of the world. Far below stretches a wide valley in which are rolling green slopes, clumps of dark pines, white splashes that are little houses, fields enclosed by low walls of limestone rocks, and dusty roads scattered like discarded ribbons across the countryside. Above the chimney of a house far below the blue turf-smoke hangs in coils upon the still air. On the far side of the valley the sun is shining upon the smiling fields of Fermanagh. Those two glittering splashes to the east are Upper and Lower Loughs Macnean, though they look little bigger than puddles in a bog. At the northern end of the valley lies Lough Melvin, a shimmering pool of light, like quicksilver spilled upon a green cloth; and beyond Lough Melvin there is a radiance in the sky that can only mean the sea—Donegal Bay.

It was down there at MacClancy's castle by Lough Melvin that Captain Cuellar, commander of a wrecked Armada galleon, was sheltered for some months. A translation of an account of his experiences is still extant. Among other things, mostly derogatory, the gallant captain recorded that in Ireland "most of the women are very beautiful," and he also discovered that a surprising number of the native "savages" could speak Latin,

a language which was his sole means of communicating with them.

Manorhamilton is a pleasant village of one street and symptoms of two others. The main street straggles up one side of a hill, ambles down the other side, wearily approaches yet another hill, and gives up the struggle just as it reaches the crest. At the top of this second hill stand the ruins of Manorhamilton Castle, built by Sir Frederick Hamilton, from whom this town takes its name. The manor was granted to him "with extensive privileges, including courts leet and baron, and a court of record every three weeks, power to appoint a seneschal to hold pleas of all debts, with view of frankpledge, to have waifs and strays and privileges of free warren, and to determine causes and contracts to the amount of £1,000. The castle, situated on a gentle eminence near the town, was by far the largest, strongest, and most handsome in the county."

The eminence appears to have been the only thing that was anyway gentle in the vicinity at that period. Hamilton held the lives of the inhabitants of an extensive area in the hollow of his hand, and he seems to have disliked holding anything for long. The ruins of his castle are still

surrounded by a defensive wall in which a modern iron gate has been set. The castle enclosure has become a farmyard. Hayricks stand where once the great Sir Frederick sat in state; geese waddle where once the roystering Stuart blades strutted; and the crows scream about walls that have rung to screams of another and more dreadful kind. The castle was a fine place in its day. Even now, when only the ivy holds its ruined walls together, it has an imposing air, an "I am not now, but I have been" dignity.

The primary feature of all Irish ruins is the painstaking architectural workmanship. There has always been plenty of stone in Ireland, but in the exhilarating old days it was mostly used for missiles and tombstones. Such building material as was at hand was sometimes difficult to work with, and the number of small stones used in any one erection is remarkable. This applies to Manorhamilton Castle, but each story is beautifully quoined, and what remains of the cornices is splendid work in hewn stone. The floors in the circular towers have long since disappeared, and one can look right up to where a roof of ivy stretches from side to side, the leaves trembling against the patches of blue sky. The sunlight, filtering between the

CROAG PATRICK AND CLEW BAY, WESTPORT, Co. MAYO

leaves, bathes the uppermost stones in a mellow light, but the glow fades as it descends the shaft, and at the bottom is a dungeon gloom. Set in the walls at various heights are the stone fireplaces, just as they were three centuries since. They look very queer in the twilight of the tower, rather as though Sir Frederick had gone to his own place and left empty picture-frames behind him, hanging upon the walls where his fireplaces used to be. There is little else to say of this castle, though it is a charming spot with its ruined walls buried in ivy, with a silver stream bubbling near by, and the shoulder of a purple hill cutting across the sky.

Road or rail from Manorhamilton to Sligo runs through a lovely country of glades and valleys, meadows and laughing streams. Benbo, a high hill to the south-west of Manorhamilton, is an unusual sort of mountain. On its summit is a lake that has never been drained. A native chieftain, fleeing from some lost field, sunk all his treasure in this lake. He then forced the henchman who accompanied him to swear that he would always guard it. The servant having sworn, his master, with all the relentless logic of the period, slew him, and now the uneasy spirit forever guards the lake. On All Hallows Eve horrid screams are heard and

fearsome things are done there; and though many efforts have been made to drain the lake, tradition tells that whenever a channel is cut the water simply stays at its mouth like a wall of glass.

A less enchanted but more enchanting lake is Lough Gill, which extends from the western border of Leitrim to within some two or three miles of Sligo town. Lough Gill has all the features of romantic scenery; fairy isles forever lost in still wonder at the beauty of their own reflections; shores that would be lovely even without their rich mantles of woods; and the effect of grandeur that hills alone can give. The largest island is Inismore, now called Church Island, from the monastic retreat that once existed there and of which there are still some slight remains. Lough Gill is frequently compared with the Lower Lake of Killarney, and as a rival to the Kerry lake it has to be taken seriously. The Carvogue, generally called the Sligo River, connects the western end of Lough Gill with Sligo Bay, and at the river's mouth stands the grey old town of Sligo. Here the water roars in lusty song beneath the bridges, and the dusky buildings along the banks are all in duplicate, one on the land and another in the deep-flowing water below.

Sligo to-day is a brisk sort of place in an undemonstrative but modern fashion; yet its history goes back through centuries. It owes its existence to one of the early Geraldines, Maurice Fitzgerald, who built a castle here in the thirteenth century, and later a Dominican monastery dedicated to the Holy Cross. The town was frequently burnt and plundered, but the monastery escaped for two centuries, and then it was destroyed in an accidental fire. Brian MacDonagh rebuilt it in 1416, and it flourished until the Reformation. The existing ruins belong to this fifteenth-century building, though there are some remains of the earlier erection. Portions of the cloisters are yet standing, but they are the low, small order characteristic of Irish monasteries of the period. Indeed, the whole ruin seems small, though it contains a great deal that is interesting, notably the east window, the High Altar, monuments and tombs.

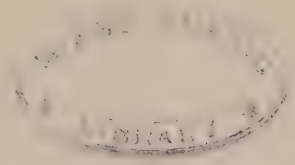
In the neighbourhood of Sligo there are remains older than Christian ruins. On the summit of Knocknarea, a mountain some five miles south-west of the town, is the huge cairn of Maeve, the Amazonian queen who figures so largely in the legendary history of the country. This cairn is impressive in its simplicity and the height on which

it stands; grim, ominous, it frowns from the lone hill-top, the grey warden of a mysterious land, a monument of unknown antiquity. Knocknarea is little more than 1,000 feet high, but from the summit one can look into Ulster in one direction, and almost right across Connacht in another—at least, to Nephin Beg, and that is very near the western Mayo shore.

There are innumerable other prehistoric remains about here, particularly at Carrowmore, three miles south of the town. This is the traditional scene of the second, or northern, battle of Moytura, fought in the mythical period before the Christian era. In this battle Nuad of the Silver Hand, a king of the mythical epoch, was killed, and the cromlechs, cairns, and stone-circles—about sixty altogether—are said to mark the graves of the slain. Petrie described these monuments as "the largest collection . . . in the British Isles, and probably, with the exception of Karnac, the most remarkable in the world."

The rail from Sligo to Galway enters County Mayo near Bellahy. At Claremorris it branches in four directions, the western route going by Manulla to Westport and Achill Sound. Mayo, isolated corner of an isolated region, has a somewhat less

ACHILL ISLAND. THE ROAD TO DUGORT



violent history than the rest of Ireland. The de Burgos were the great Norman family in Connacht; but in the fourteenth century William and Edmund de Burgo threw off their allegiance and set up as independent Irish chieftains, William taking County Galway and calling himself MacWilliam Iachter (Lower), and his brother Edmund taking Mayo and distinguishing himself as MacWilliam Uachter (Upper). This latter is supposed to have been father of the celebrated Grace O'Malley, better known by the poetical name of Granuaile. Most of this region west of Lough Conn was her territory, but her particular strongholds were along Clew Bay, where the ruins of two of her castles still stand: Carrigahooly (*Carrick-a-uile*, "rock of the fleet"), near Newport; and Kildavnet, near the mouth of Achill Sound. The Irish were seldom great seafarers; only two clans ever gained any fame in that direction—the O'Malleys and the O'Driscolls. Granuaile was leader of the former sept, and she queened it here in the west while her galleys returned in triumph to Clew Bay, deep-laden with the plunder of the seaboard towns. A body of troops was once sent to storm her stronghold of Carrigahooly, but found they had caught a Tartar and narrowly escaped with their lives.

Granuaile was little more than a glorified pirate, but she wielded considerable power. She visited Elizabeth in London, and in a burst of loyalty after her return, offered Sidney the services of two hundred men and three galleys. Her son, Theobald Burke, became the first Viscount Mayo. Tradition tells that Granuaile, when she slept ashore, always had the cable of her barge fastened to her bedpost.

From Westport the railway continues to Achill Sound for Achill, largest island of the country. Here there are cliffs and caves shaped and hollowed in fantastic fashion by the unceasing action of angry seas. The Cathedral Caves are a wonderful combination of cavern and cliff, and the seals that are sometimes found there give their name to the Seal Caves at the foot of Slievemore. Croaghaun, on the western shore, rises for two thousand precipitous feet above the Atlantic, monarch of the great cliff range that runs between Achill Head and Saddle Head. At Achill there is the limitless world of height and space, and all the elemental forces of wind and sea.

Near the southern shore of Clew Bay are the ruined walls of Murrisk Abbey, a six centuries old monastery of Austin Friars; and to the west Croagh Patrick towers above the land. In July

people from all over Ireland climb to the summit of this mountain to take part in the annual pilgrimage. Croagh Patrick is the most famous height in a mountainous region that extends down to Iar-Connacht. South by the Killary is Bengorm; west of that is the bulk of Mweelrea, "The Bald King," more than 2,500 feet on its way to the clouds; eastward is the Devil's Mother; and Benbaun, highest of the Twelve Pins, cuts the sky to the south. In between is the Killary, one of those places which prove that it is not necessary to go to Norway to see fiords. It is a narrow blade of the Atlantic that stabs the land in a long gash, and on either side the pierced earth rises sheer from the water. The simile is appropriate. Killary is *Caol Shaile Ruaidh*, the "narrows of the red salt-water," and at sunset the water becomes a peculiar rusty red that explains the name.

South of the Killary stretches Joyce's Country and Connemara, that fairyland of river and mountain that extends down to lovely Kilkieran Bay, nestling in the extreme south-western corner of Connacht. Beyond Clifden is Ballynahinch, a singularly charming blend of lough, wood, and river. Ballynahinch Castle was once the home of the Martin family, great in the days when a gentle-

man's standing was more or less gauged by his bottle handicap and his readiness to take the grass before breakfast, the delightfully reckless type immortalized by Carleton in *The Squanders of Castle Squander*. Eastward from Ballynahinch, in the neighbourhood of Oughterard, is the massive ruined keep of Aughnanure Castle. This was the stronghold of the O'Flaherties, that fierce Irish clan who caused the good citizens of Galway to inscribe on the stone upon the west gate of their city: "From the ferocious O'Flaherties, Good Lord deliver us." From Oughterard road or rail skirts Ross Lake, through the green meadows of Moycullen, and so to Galway.

The second route from Claremorris is a branch line running south to Ballinrobe, the nearest station to Lough Mask. There are the ruins of a famous monastery ten miles from Ballinrobe, to the right of the Castlebar road—Ballintober Abbey, founded by Cathal, King of Connacht, in the early thirteenth century; but all this region of the western lakes is thick with ruins. South of Lough Mask lies Lough Corrib, a narrow isthmus dividing the two lakes. The level of Lough Mask is considerably higher than the summer level of Lough Corrib, and the former flows in the rather mysterious fashion of

THE TWELVE PINS, CONNEMARA. *Page 67*

the sacred Alph through the subterranean caverns of the isthmus into Lough Corrib. The country round this isthmus was the scene of the first battle of Moytura, fought twenty years before the Carrowmore conflict, between Nuad of the Silver Hand at the head of an invading host, and Eochaid, the native king. On the way to Headford are prehistoric remains of a similar nature to those at Carrowmore, though not so numerous; but it is with Christianity that Cong and the surrounding district is most closely associated.

Cunga Fechin may be rendered "Fechin's neck of land," and it takes its name from St. Fechin, who founded a monastery here in the seventh century under the patronage of Donall, son of Aedh MacAinmire, King of Ireland. The existing abbey was built for Augustinian Canons by Turlogh Mor O'Connor in the twelfth century. Tuam, to the east of Cong, was originally the royal seat of the Kings of Connacht, and it was in Cong Abbey that Roderick O'Connor, last native King of Ireland, spent the thirteen closing years of his life. One of the many tombstones in the chancel floor is pointed out as his grave, but though he died here in 1198 his body was taken to Clonmacnois and buried near the altar in St. Kieran's great church.

The remains of Cong were saved from total destruction by the Guinness family, who did much good work in the way of restoration. There is a splendid pointed doorway, recessed and ordered and finely moulded; the slender east window; and the restored cloister arches. The "Fishing Cell," with its reconstructed gate, is a charmingly situated relic of the domestic side of early monastic life. Of the lost treasures of Cong one priceless example remains to us—the famous twelfth-century processional cross which was made to enshrine a piece of the true cross. Native Irish workmen in Roscommon made it for Turlogh O'Connor, and it is probably the most minute and elaborate metal-work ornament of its kind in existence. It is now in the National Museum, Dublin.

The early Christian ecclesiastics in Ireland generally selected the shores of a lake or the islands on a lake as sites for their foundations. Lough Corrib is no exception to the rule. There are ruins on every shore, each with its long record of stormy history; each with its less remembered story of peaceful and holy years. Legends innumerable cluster about these ruins. One of the quaintest seeks to explain the foundation of Ross Errilly, the old Franciscan abbey near the Headford road on

BALLYNAHINCH CASTLE, CONNEMARA, Co. GALWAY. *Page 67*

the eastern side of the lough. Malachy MacHugh was Bishop of Tuam in 1348, the year when the Black Death was raging at its height. While praying one night a voice told him to build a monastery for poor friars, promising that when the foundations were commenced the plague would abate. He was to go to Corra Fursa (Killursa), where he would receive a sign. Arrived at Corra Fursa, the bishop saw three swans take to flight, each carrying flax seed in its bill. He followed the birds, marking where they alighted. When he reached the spot the swans had disappeared, but three clumps of flax had sprung up, and though it was February the flax flower was in full bloom. So here the bishop built his church, and when the foundation was begun the plague was stayed.

Of the two remaining lines from Claremorris one goes due east to Roscommon and southward by Lough Ree to Athlone. The greatest family in Roscommon was the O'Connors, subdivided into O'Connor Ruadh, "the Red," and O'Connor Dubh, or Dun, "the Dark." This latter, the head of which is better known as the O'Connor Don, is one of the few old families in Ireland which still retain any part of the territories which they held long prior to the coming of the English.

There are many islands on Lough Ree—the Lake of the Kings—all of them lovely, and nearly all of them adorned with ruins of old monasteries and churches. After the cursing of Tara by St. Ruadan, the Southern Hy-Niall made Dun-na-sgaith, over there on Lough Ennell, near Mullingar, the seat of government, and this region in the heart of Ireland became a centre of religion, scholarship, and chivalry. Ath-Luain itself was always a place of importance, commanding as it did the ford of the Shannon on the highway between Leinster and Connacht. Athlone's claim to fame, however, is based on something higher than commerce. Here it was, in the time of Ginckle's siege, that Cushen and his countrymen so unhesitatingly sacrificed their lives, and Fitzgerald's Irish held the bridge with a death-welcoming gallantry for which it is difficult to find a parallel in history.

Evidence of the departed greatness of this locality is found at Clonmacnois on the Shannon bank a few miles below Athlone. The foundation was established by Kieran mac Antsoir, "Kieran, son of the Artificer," in the mid-sixth century under the patronage of King Diarmid MacKarvil; but St. Kieran died in the following year, and the existing ruins are all after his time. In Clonmacnois

the glories of the early Irish Christian Church reached their zenith, and from the seventh century onwards the school was one of the most famous in Europe. Of the seven churches, the cathedral, or Teampul Dermot, is probably most important and was founded in A.D. 904. There is a fine north doorway in the Perpendicular style, and above the arch are three effigies representing St. Patrick with St. Dominic and St. Francis on either side. At Clonmacnois there is the ruin of the "Nun's Church," built by Devorgilla of Breffny sixteen years after her flight with Dermot of Leinster. O'Rourke's Round Tower is interesting in that it belongs to two periods, the lower section dating from the tenth, the upper from the early thirteenth century.

The glory of Clonmacnois is the Great Cross of the Scriptures. The earliest form of Keltic cross was the pillar-stone, a shaft with the arms only crudely indicated, and the circle of eternity cut roughly on the face of the slab. From that crude effort the Irish Cross developed into the perfectly proportioned, elaborately sculptured cross in which the rough circle has become the perfect ring binding together the arms and the upper shaft. The finest examples are the two crosses of Monaster-

boice, probably the finest works of sculptural art of the period in existence. The Cross of the Scriptures at Clonmacnois belongs to this period of perfection. It is 13 feet high and 4½ feet across. The sculptural decorations consist of compartments, divided by fillets, containing figures in relief. The cross bears the remains of inscriptions in Irish which read, on the west, "A prayer for Flann, son of Maelsechlun"; on the east, "A prayer for Colman, maker of this cross on King Flann." Naturally, the weather of one thousand years has had its effect on the sculptures, but the Cross of the Scriptures remains a wonderful sermon in stone. Indeed, there is much that is both wonderful and beautiful at Clonmacnois: the holy stillness, the golden memories of a great age, the symbolic beauty of the time-defying cross, and the Shannon singing to the unheeding dead.

We have wandered far from Claremorris, and it is along the remaining line from that junction that our road goes, through Tuam to Galway, branching at Athenry. As everywhere else in Ireland, every foot of the way is dark with grim history. Athenry saw the passing of the O'Connors, when, in the early fourteenth century, a Connacht force that marched under Felim O'Connor to the assist-

CLONMACNOISE, KING'S COUNTY. *Page 72*

ance of Edward Bruce was here cut to pieces. Between Athenry and Athlone lies Aughrim, scene of the most memorable of Ireland's Cullodens, and that line of country that witnessed the heroic retreat of O'Sullivan Beare from Glengariff to Leitrim. Near Oranmore, Galway Bay slides suddenly into the picture, a great sheet of water sparkling beneath the sun. Here one gets that vague unease that the sea so often brings, an oppressive vastness; and the strong, cleansing smell of salt water, the thrum of the wind as if in a wet sheet, and the singing whisper of surf upon the shore.

This southern part of the province is singularly stony. Indeed, when one has travelled across Connacht it is easy to appreciate the humour of that comic sketch which shows a countryman sitting on a heap of stones at a building-site in Dublin. Requested by a policeman to explain his presence there, he answers: "Sure, I'm lonesome afther Connacht."

And so we come to the "Citie of the Tribes."

CHAPTER V

THE VENICE AND GENOA OF IRELAND

I

Galway is a grey phantom of a town that stayed out after cockcrow and was permanently transformed into a ghostly city. It is very much alive, but it seems to belong to yesterday, and that is the queer charm of the place. There was a town of sorts here under the O'Flaherties, chiefs of Connemara, in the twelfth century. The city, as such, did not come into existence until the O'Connors had been crushed and the Anglo-Norman de Burgo made his stronghold here. The great days of Galway began about 1270, when it became a walled city and English settlers were introduced under the patronage of Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster. These settlers were Blakes, Bodkins, D'Arcys, Kirwans, Joyces, Lynches, Martins, and all the rest of them, later known to the Cromwellians as "the Tribes." But Ireland, even as Greece, ultimately "took captivity captive"; the de Burgos existed for two centuries as independent Irish

THE ANCIENT WALLED CITY OF ATHENRY, Co. GALWAY. *Page 74*

chieftains of Mayo and Galway, the descendants of their houses eventually becoming Earls of Clanricarde and Mayo. The de Burgo of the thirteenth century is the Burke of the twentieth; and the Blakes, Martins, and Lynches are the purely Irish families of to-day.

Galway, even as Waterford, became almost a self-governing republic, a Venice of the Atlantic with Limerick for her Genoa. Galway enjoyed the greater commercial intimacy with Spain, but she paid twelve tuns of wine yearly to the O'Briens of Clare, who were also Lords of Aran, the islands that guard the mouth of Galway Bay. The period of her commercial intercourse with Spain is the most interesting in Galway's history, and the fact that such close intercourse existed explains the town's atmosphere, even to-day. The houses of old Galway were built in the Spanish fashion, with a stone gateway giving entrance to a walled court-yard. Columbus, one is told, visited Galway and heard Mass in St. Nicholas's Church; and a Galway seaman sailed with the great Genoese on one of those pioneer voyages to the West.

Eyre Square was the ancient place of archery, the Finsbury Fields of Galway; and here is set up an old stone gateway, a monument to Galway's

departed glory. It is slender and beautiful and looks rather pitiful standing alone in its naked gracefulness, sadly out of place among the modern buildings in its neighbourhood. It is rather as if one saw a cloaked and plumed Castilian Don riding in a motor-bus. It is best seen at night when the houses of the square are in shadow. You can stare at the moon through the frame of the empty window-arches above the gate; and you may see faces peering curiously down on you, or hear the faint jingle of spurs and the clink of a scabbard upon stone.

Beyond the square is Shop Street. About halfway down, on the right going towards the water, stands "Lynch's Castle," almost the only building in Galway that completely retains its ancient form. The entrance-gate and courtyard are gone, but the old gargoyles still sprout beneath the roof, the windows are ornamented with sculpture, and the walls have escutcheons carved in the stone. Since it is the most celebrated episode in Galway's civic history, the story of this house must be briefly retold.

James Lynch Fitzstephen was Mayor of Galway at the close of the fifteenth century. Voyaging to Spain, he was hospitably entertained at the house

of one Gomez, a merchant of Cadiz. Lynch returned his host's courtesy by bringing the Spaniard's son back to Galway as his guest. Lynch's son, Walter, was in love with a Galway merchant's daughter, and the young Gomez accompanied the lover to the girl's home. Walter Lynch, growing jealous of the real or fancied favour shown to the young Spaniard, quarrelled with Gomez, stabbed him, and flung his body into the sea. He then took refuge in the woods, but was captured by his father and a band of armed townsmen and confined in the prison near by his own home. The next day James Lynch sat in judgment on his son, and, since the crime was confessed, sentenced him to death. Then comes the grim sequel. Entreaty proving vain, the boy's mother raised her own faction of the Blakes to effect a rescue. No man would dare perform the office of executioner, and the town swarmed with an angry mob, prepared, if necessary, to kill the father in order to save the son.

Can you see the scene on that execution morning when son and father, murderer and judge, knelt together on the prison flags to receive Communion and to exchange their last good-morrow? The mob, surging on the execution party as it left the prison, swept away the armed escort; but it failed

to prevent the Mayor from leading his prisoner upstairs from the street. Can you see the wave of white, upturned faces and know the hush of horror that stilled the watching throng as James Lynch slowly set the noose about his son's neck, and, taking man's vengeance upon the body, sent the soul to meet the vengeance of God?

We are told that he stood waiting for a few moments, and then went slowly back through the shrinking crowd. He entered his house, and tradition has it that he never left it again until he was borne forth to his grave.

A tablet at the back of St. Nicholas's marks the place of execution and commemorates in stone an episode that lives forever in Galway's memory. Mr. Gwynn tells us that "Proud as a Galway merchant" was a proverb of the region; and Lover makes the blind piper in *Treasure Trove* observe that "there is no standin' the consait of the mayors of Galway, ever since . . . Lynch hanged his son."

St. Nicholas's Church was built in 1320 and dedicated to St. Nicholas of Myra, patron of all good seamen and all good thieves. The church became the "Royal College of Galway" under letters patent of Edward VI. It is cruciform, in the Decorated English style, with a tower rising

from the centre. The belfry is a later addition to the structure. The most interesting external features are the west doorway; the grotesque gargoyles leering down from the eaves; and the old tombstones in the surrounding graveyard, more than one decorated with the familiar skull and crossbones. The interior of the church contains the grave of that Roman parent, James Lynch Fitzstephen; a curious, so-called "confessional" that came from a private house and was built into the wall of the north aisle; and an elaborate tomb-recess, Mr. Gwynn's brief description of which cannot be bettered: "What the skill of the sixteenth-century masons was can be seen by the beautiful tomb-niche of some Joyce in St. Nicholas; its stonework, flamboyant to a peak, has the lightness and the springing curve of a tree's branches."

The charm of Galway, however, is not confined within four walls. It is everywhere; in the twisted little streets; in the occasional old gates and arches; in the odd fragments of grey stone that still flaunt the carved escutcheon of some one of the "Tribes"; in the glimpse of a woman's graceful Spanish shawl and scarlet petticoat flickering across the dusky shadow of a high old house. It is in the Claddagh, the little fishing village where the houses are

scattered about with an aimlessness that seems almost studied. It is in the roar of the weir and the green rushing of the river beneath the bridges; in the clatter of the clean little quays; in the trawlers standing in from the bay with their hulls darkly magnified against the crimson setting sun.

Yet the picture of Galway that stands out most clearly in my own memory was not seen along the quays. Following an uncharted course, I had wandered beneath an archway and found myself in a cobbled alley lined by little cottages and overshadowed by taller buildings that made a soft twilight in the place. Rival schools of art were here, for one section of the house fronts was a soft yellow, the other a warm pink. Before the half-door of one of the houses an infant was crawling on all fours, his movements considerably hampered by his sole garment, a vest some six inches long. I glanced curiously across the half-door as I passed slowly by. I saw a tiny room with table and dresser scrubbed to a snowy whiteness. There were flowers in the window and everything in the place glittered. A picture of "Mary that God kissed in Galilee" hung upon one wall, and a tiny lamp with a red glass burned before it.

The true Ireland that is so little known; and

altogether a satisfactory contrast with those days wherein it was decreed that "neither O ne Mac shall strut ne swagger through the streets of Galway."

II

Munster, anciently called Mononia, was subdivided into Thomond and Desmond, North and South Munster. Thomond was roughly the modern County Clare, and it retained the old name until the sixteenth century, when it was made shire-ground and included in the province of Connacht. The modern name is chiefly derived from the de Clares, the Anglo-Norman adventurers who gave their name to the town of Clare. The greatest period in the history of the county was prior to the time when the Norman conquered England. Various clans existed here, but the dominant one was the O'Briens, chieftains of the Dalcassian tribe, Kings of Thomond, and famous as the house that produced the strongest usurper in the history of the country—Brian Boru, son of Kennedy, King of all Ireland. It was, of course, this Brian of the Tribute who upset the dynasties of the Hy-Niall and swept the Ostmen from Erin in the decisive victory of Clontarf. The Dalcassians, one of the

bravest military legions in history, are worthy of remark. Properly, their territory was the eastern half of the county, and their name and that of their country was *Dal g'Cais*, the "Tribe of (Cormac) Cas." They were the "animated, high-minded ones who never brooked injustice or tyranny from any of the kings of Erin; and not only that, but who never gave them pledges or hostages in token of obedience." The following brief historical episode supplies evidence of their mettle.

The Dalcassian legion, sadly depleted, was marching home to Thomond, bearing their wounded from the bloody field of Clontarf. On their way they found themselves opposed by a greatly superior force under Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory, who demanded hostages from Donagh O'Brien. Donagh answered that "though I had but one solitary camp-follower to stand by me, I should never think of refusing to contend in battle with the son of Gilla Padraig and the men of Ossory." Donagh set aside one-third of his troops to guard the wounded; but the wounded would have none of this. They asked that strong stakes should be driven into the ground and they themselves bound to the stakes, "with our arms in our hands, and let our sons and kinsmen be stationed by our sides, and let two

KINCORA ON THE SHANNON, Co. CLARE

warriors who are unwounded be placed near each one of us wounded, for it is thus that we will help one another with truer zeal, because shame will not allow the sound man to leave his position until his wounded and bound comrade can leave it likewise."

The palace of O'Brien was at Kincora, near where the Shannon swirls beneath the thirteen-arched bridge at Killaloe; but nothing remains of it to-day.

Modern Clare, with the exception of the Burren, is not considered "tourist country,"—though the traveller who knows Ireland will probably hold that every acre of it is "tourist country," in the sense that it is worth seeing. The Burren is the region south and west of Galway Bay, with the Cliffs of Moher on the western shore extending some five or six miles northward of Hag's Head. In places these cliffs reach a height of 700 feet, but their sheerness from the sea endows them with a tremendous altitude, and the storming of the ocean against their bases seems more futile than the slow curl of a comber against a liner's cleaving bows. Nor is the Cliffs of Moher the sum of Clare's attractions. There is the chain of ruined border castles; the fretted caverns and huge natural rock-

bridges of Kilkee; the venerable ruins of Scattery Island, off Kilrush; the loveliness of the Shannon from Lough Derg to Limerick; and that historic district about the Fergus River where time stays to dream awhile among the silent cloisters of Quin and Clare.

Although the city of Limerick has extended on to the Clare bank, the town is mostly clustered on an island formed by a branch of the Shannon curving round from the main stream. The Danes "made" Limerick and held it until the tenth century. Then, defeated by Cellachan, King of Cashel, and again by the great Brian, they were compelled to pay tribute—a thirty-two gallon tun of wine for every day in the year; but the power of Brian's house passed with the dearly bought victory of Clontarf, and the O'Briens reverted to their former state as Kings of Thomond. In the time of Mahon and Brian the seat of royalty was removed to Cashel, the ancient city of the Dal-Gais; but Murtagh, successor to Turlogh O'Brien, gave Cashel to the Church and returned to Limerick. Later, Raymond le Gros occupied the town.

Basilia, Strongbow's sister, wishing to announce to her husband, Raymond le Gros, the death of her

brother in Dublin, wrote to him at Limerick to the effect that "the old jaw tooth that troubled me so much has fallen out." On receipt of this ingenious communication, le Gros evacuated Limerick. Donal O'Brien dismantled the town after le Gros's departure, but on the site of what had been his palace he founded the cathedral of St. Mary, and it still stands to-day.

Eight hundred years is a long time for a building to have endured intact in Ireland. St. Mary's has seen, through the smoke and dust of unending battles, eight centuries flicker across the screen of time. It was a year old when the Mac Arthy of Desmond swept the town. Around it clashed a century of ceaseless warfare between de Burgos, O'Briens, and Fitzgeralds. It caught the red glow in the sky when de Clare burned the suburbs, and a momentary brightness when the banners fluttered by to the Court of Edward Bruce. It was a mute witness of the sway of fortune during the two centuries when Limerick and Galway struggled for the commercial supremacy of the west; and it may have shared in the sixty marks that Conor O'Brien levied upon the citizens when he drove the English from Thomond. It frowned upon William's retreat to Waterford, and its square tower may well

have been the last seen by the Irish who sailed to swell the armies of France.

St. Mary's has known overmuch of war in her eight centuries; and the first thing one sees inside the church is the Union Jack. Its still folds droop beside a tablet that commemorates some of the Limerick men who, faithful to the tradition of a fighting city, fell in another and a more recent conflict. It is cool, peaceful, and very beautiful inside the church. There are several recesses in the side-aisles which, in pre-Reformation days, would have been chapels endowed by private families. Here the sunlight filters through the stained-glass and lies in still pools of colour upon the old stones. Beneath urn and bust and upon monumental tablet there is more than one great name engraved; and one or two famous Irish names borne by officers who died in Flanders. In the choir, near the curiously carved stalls of bishop and priest, is the greatest name of all. Here is the marble tomb of Donagh, the great Earl of Thomond, and his wife, who was a Geraldine, daughter of the Earl of Kildare.

Lesser folk sleep in the cool stillness of St. Mary's. There is a tablet in the nave that bears the following epitaph:

MEMENTO MORY.

Here lieth littell Samvell Barinton
that great undertaker of famiovs cittis
clock and chime maker. He made his one
time goe early and latter but now he is
returned to God his Creator . . . and for
his memory this here is pleast by his
son Ben. 1693

At least one other epitaph deserves recording:

Dan Hayes, an Honest Man and a Lover of his Country.

Limerick is best viewed from the Clare side. There is a pretty picture of the clustering town from some distance along the Shannon bank; but the historic view-point is at the Clare end of Thomond Bridge, near the Treaty Stone. Below the wall the lovely Shannon goes surging to the sea; in front is the famous Thomond Bridge; directly opposite is King John's Castle, well in the centre of the picture, and with bits of the town peering round the shoulders of its massive towers.

King John built the castle that bears his name and also Thomond Bridge, which endured from 1210 to 1838, when it was replaced by the present structure. The old bridge was the scene of much hand-to-hand fighting during the siege which is always associated with Limerick. The city was

besieged on more than one occasion, of course. Hugh O'Neill defended it for six months, and with such gallantry that even Ireton's officers resented the sentence of execution passed upon their brave opponent, and the last O'Neill escaped the scaffold to die in confinement in London; but "the siege" of Limerick always refers to that in which the might of William of Nassau was so ably resisted by Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, and formerly one of the "Gentlemen of the Guard" under Charles.

James had been routed in 1690 and had fled from Ireland, leaving the Frenchman, Lauzun, in command. The Irish army retreated to the Shannon, and no opposition was made to William's approach until he appeared before Limerick with 35,000 men. Lauzun said that the walls of Limerick "might be battered down with roasted apples," and he retreated northwards to Galway; but Boisseleau, the Duke of Berwick, and Patrick Sarsfield remained to hold the town. The siege was ably conducted by one of the greatest generals of the day, but it was considerably delayed by Sarsfield's most famous achievement. William's artillery train was approaching from Cashel, and the fact was known in Limerick. Sarsfield and

500 men, led by the rapparee "Galloping Hogan," rode out by night across Thomond Bridge and crossed the Shannon at the mouth of Lough Derg, near Killaloe. They lay hid the next day, and that night attacked the escort of the ammunition train encamped at Ballyneety. It is said that the password for the Williamites on this night was "Sarsfield," and that the Irish obtained the word from the wife of one of the convoy sergeants who had been left behind on the road. Challenged by a sentry to give the word, the answering shout was, "*Sarsfield* is the word, and Sarsfield is the man." Taken by surprise, the convoy party had little chance, and were cut down or put to flight. The Irish seized the siege-guns, filled them with powder, rammed their muzzles in the earth, and making a huge pile of all the explosives, fired the train; and the skies were lit and the earth rocked and shuddered as the explosion was heard even in William's camp before Limerick. William sent out two parties of horse to cut off Sarsfield, but the latter crossed the Shannon at Banagher and rode into Limerick in triumph. A. M. Sullivan's *The Story of Ireland* (from which most of the foregoing facts are taken) adds that, when Sarsfield fired the train, a relief party under Sir John Lanier

was already on the road to meet the artillery convoy, and to accomplish their object the Irish had to act with speed; but Sarsfield found time to have the wounded survivors of the artillery escort conveyed to a safe distance before the explosives were fired.

William brought thirty-six siege-guns up from Waterford and resumed the siege. Sarsfield ordered the women and children into Clare, but the women refused to go, and they fought and died beside their men when the breach was made in St. John's Gate and the besiegers poured into the town, only to be driven out again after three hours' hand-to-hand fighting. The assault was renewed three times, and was each time unsuccessful, and three days later William raised the siege and retired to Waterford.

The following year Ginckle advanced from Tipperary and besieged Limerick on three sides. On one occasion during this siege an assault was made from the Clare end of Thomond Bridge. Eight hundred Irish were driven back from the defences on the Clare bank and retreated in good order on to the bridge, Ginckle's massed troops following up the attack. Then, at the command of a French officer, the drawbridge at King John's Castle swung slowly upwards, and the Irish were trapped upon

LIMERICK CASTLE

the disconnected bridge. One hundred and fifty of them, we are told, were swept by sheer pressure of the massed attack into the void below; the remainder died fighting on the bridge. The beleaguered garrison was now cooped up in the island town and fighting furiously with their backs to the wall. Ginckle decided to starve them into submission, but before doing so he offered honourable terms of surrender. The conditions were accepted, and though Limerick is correctly known as "The City of the Broken Treaty," it is pleasant to remember that the soldier, at any rate, kept to the terms he offered. And so we have the last picture in Limerick's gallant history.

The Irish garrison is marching out of Limerick with flying colours and all the honours of war. On a piece of rising ground beyond the town the standards of two brave and ancient enemies are set up—England and France. Of the 14,000 who defended Limerick 12,000 wheeled to the colours of Louis. From the Irish shore comes the lament of the pipes, and white canvas is gleaming out at sea where Sarsfield and his fighting Irish are bound for France.

"The Flight of the Wild Geese" had begun, and it continued for many a long year. In the

fifty years that began with 1691 no less than 450,000 Irish fell in the service of France. To-day, when the world-famous Irish Brigades have long ceased to exist in Europe, it is possible to pay tribute to their superb gallantry. The Irish Brigade in France, particularly, boasted a magnificent record. They were victorious at Steinkirk; they won Landen; they routed the allies under Prince Eugene at Marsaglia; a handful of them, 600 half-naked men, drove the Austrians from Cremona; they defeated the Butcher of Culloden at Fontenoy, and came near to capturing him in person when they won Laeffelt for Saxe. They fought for France for 100 years until they were disbanded by the Republic; and their banner, presented by Louis XVIII., bears the motto:

1692—1792
Semper et ubique fidelis.

Many great Irish names have been connected with the military history of France from Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, down to MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, Marshal of France, and President of the French Republic.

Among other European Irish Brigades, Naples had one regiment and Spain had five—Berwick's battalion and the four squadrons of O'Mahony's

Dragoons who put Philip upon the throne of Spain at Almanza.

Standing here, looking across to the grey old castle walls, it is difficult to remember anything other than those gallant men whose military achievements sent the name of Ireland ringing through Europe, soldiers more dashing than Rupert's cavaliers, the Wild Geese about whom half the Irish poetry of the eighteenth century was written and half the romance of Ireland woven :

> Men of Corca Bascinn, men of Clare's Brigade,
> Hearken, stony hills of Clare, hear the charge we made :
> See us come together, singing from the fight,
> Home to Corca Bascinn in the morning light.

So, in the last century, wrote Miss Lawless, the brilliant authoress of *Hurrish* and *Maelcho*. Of late, music has found inspiration in the same theme. Sir Hamilton Harty's *The Flight of the Wild Geese*, which has delighted audiences at the Albert Hall and the Hallé Concerts at Manchester, is regarded by many authorities as a classic of modern music.

CHAPTER VI

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

KILLARNEY is recognized as one of the world's most famous beauty-spots. Inevitably, the place has become commercialized, but not nearly so much as one fears. There are hotel-touts, jarvies, boatmen, and guides, but though they are sufficiently numerous to be a bit of a nuisance, the natural good breeding characteristic of all Irish people prohibits them from pestering you. They can take a civil "No" for an answer; the experienced traveller knows how few of their kidney elsewhere have the same redeeming trait.

The road to the Lower Lake turns off to the right a little way outside the town. There are tall trees beyond the wall to the right of this road, and in the hedge to the left are twining sprays of honeysuckle. Away beyond the hedge the wooded face of a mountain towers in the background. This, the shortest couple of miles in Ireland, is soon covered. Near its end the road curves in a

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY

concealing bend, and beyond this point, with the increased charm of the unexpected, the ivy-clad ruins of a castle terminate the road with the wide expanse of Lough Leane sweeping along behind them.

Ross Castle stands upon the shores of Lough Leane, or the Lower Lake, the largest of the three Killarney lakes. Since the fact seems rarely to be mentioned in reference-books, it may be added that *Locha Lein* is the ancient Irish name of all three lakes. They were called after Len of the Many Hammers, goldsmith of Bov the Red, who followed his trade here upon the lake-shore, "surrounded by rainbows and showers of fiery dew."

The ancient stronghold of the O'Donoghues of Ross is now only a picturesque ruin. Lord Muskerry, with the remnant of the Irish confederates, held it in 1652 against the Parliamentarians under Ludlow. An old Irish prophecy foretold that Ross Castle would never be captured until ships sailed on the land-locked lake beneath its walls. Ludlow used the prophecy for the undoing of the garrison. He had vessels capable of carrying more than one hundred men launched upon the lake, and the spectacle of the ships on

Lough Leane was too much for the superstitious garrison, who promptly surrendered.

A steep stair winds up to the top of the ivy-mantled keep, and the view from the battlement repays the climber. Beneath is the stone causeway and the little jetty. On the left, the curving and irregular shore, shadowy with trees, steals down to the water's edge. Far to the right the land sweeps in a wide and graceful curve; and ahead, far as one can see, stretches the lake, seeming like another lovelier sky with the feathery puffs of white cloud sailing on its breast.

Leaving Ross and heading in the general direction of Innisfallen, the boat approaches the lake-shore at several points, and the shore is well able to withstand close inspection. The action of the water has serrated the rocks into all kinds of fantastic shapes, each of which more or less justifies the nickname that has been inflicted upon it. The action of the water goes on unceasingly, and one imagines that the nomenclature must suffer change. Thus the name, O'Donoghue's Library, that to-day seems so appropriate to a certain booklike stack of rocks, may well become in due course O'Donoghue's Pepper-Pot, or something similar.

Viewed from the lake, the shores of Innisfallen

are rock, serrated by the water into sharp-edged seams. Trees grow in dense clusters all around the margin, and bush and thorn make an almost impenetrable thicket. As the boat glides in to the shore a green glade opens between the trees; there is a ruined wall with a narrow entrance, and a huge old yew that casts a wide pool of shadow between wall and water.

St. Finian came to Innisfallen somewhere about thirteen hundred years ago and established a monastery, the ruins of which still adorn the island. Of St. Finian the Leper little is known, but the work of his hands is more interesting than the man. The abbey-church is near the landing-place. The roof is gone; only the remains of the four walls are standing, the two side-walls almost complete at the ends but fallen away in the centre. Half-way down on one side there is a grave in the earth of the floor with no more than a cross cut deeply in the stone. At one end is the broken altar with two long slits of windows in the wall behind it. Above one of the windows is placed a fragment of stone that bears a crudely carved face, cold, unseeing, and sardonically still. This little shattered church is rather pitiful. The sunlight lingers in the corners and the wind is hushed. For

a thousand years the dead have slept here while the world outside roared on about its endless business of tearing down to-day in order that it may jerry-build to-morrow, and the place is filled with the quiet that wraps the sleepers.

There are other ruins, of kitchen and school, and perhaps of the *scriptorium* where the famous *Annals of Innisfallen* were compiled in the long ago. The little oratory is worth noting, with the beautiful Romanesque arch of its entrance and a recessed window looking out upon the lake. Peering through this window, one can see the tangled bushes growing beneath, the ground sloping down in little green cliffs, crowned with whispering trees, to the water's edge; and beyond is the lake, like Madonna's veil beneath the sun; the whole making an exquisite picture between the stone frame of the empty window.

Crofton Croker wrote of a banquet on Innisfallen in the days when they started the red deer about Glena, and an old topographical survey of Ireland mentioned the proposed erection of a "refreshment house," but there is no advertisement of man's presence to-day, except the ruins. Even these are forgotten in the beauty of the island. Inside the thicket-boundaries is a rough circle of bushes, heavy

A WATERY SUNSET, LOUGH LEANE, KILLARNEY. *Page 97*

with blackberries. Towards the centre it is more open, and here grow oak and ash, holly, yew, and many other trees. The turf is smoothly green, and the leaf-barred sunlight makes quaint patterns on the grass of the lovely glades. In one of these glades grows a peculiar tree made up of ash, ivy, holly, and hawthorn, so closely intertwined that they seem to branch from the one stem. This is a wishing-tree, and to walk round it, stooping under its arching bough, is to adopt the surest method of causing a wish to come true. When all this has been done, the wanderer in this island Paradise can go down to the beach and follow the shore, coming upon tiny bays creeping in to the land and getting sudden pictures of the mountains that keep out the world. Innisfallen is more than beautiful; it is a veritable Isle of the Blest where

> . . . midnight's all a-glimmer
> And noon a purple glow,
> And evening full of the linnet's wings.

On the Lower Lake shore, north of Innisfallen, are the ruins of Aghadoe, the "Field of the Two Yews." Here there is the stump of a round tower and the ruins of the old cathedral church. Two buildings make up this church: one dating from

the seventh century, the other having been added some six hundred years later. There is a fine recessed doorway here, and a stone with an Ogham inscription in one of the walls; but the ruins are very desolate, and a graveyard and the shell of an ancient circular keep seem to make them yet more forlorn. It is perhaps better to hold straight across to the western shore and Tomies Wood. As the boat nears the land all other sounds are lost in the rush and tumble of falling water. The approach to the torrent is between thickly growing trees, and it appears suddenly—O'Sullivan's Cascade, one of the most flawless of Nature's gems.

The place is faery. There are staircases of rock down which the water tumbles, and on either bank, climbing right up to the brow of the fall, are the trees. They are so closely interlaced that the sunlight fails to enter, but everything is lit by a soft green glow, mysteriously lovely; and in this elfin half-light the glen seems like some enchanted cavern beneath the sea. The thick moss is everywhere, spread like a carpet upon the springy turf, draped about the tree-trunks, making velvet cushions of the rocks; and it is all so strangely silent, for though there is the roar of the fall, even that sound is so inevitable, so much a part of the

place, that it appears to intensify rather than to dispel the stillness.

The cascade appears something less than seventy feet high, but what it lacks in grandeur it more than makes up for in charm. At that high point in the picture where the water first comes into view there is a gap in the overhanging trees. Here the stream, tottering on the verge of the fall, leaps up to the sun with all the furious energy of despair, and the gasping foam of its last effort dances and glitters in the sunlight. It crashes down the terraced face of the rock in a cascading silver flood, boils for a while in the pool below, dashes down again, and finally tinkles away laughing between the rocks.

The boat holds southward across Glena Bay and under Brickeen Bridge to the Middle Lake. Here are the queer Colleen Bawn Caves and Rock which figured in Gerald Griffin's *The Collegians*, the story on which Boucicault based his play, *The Colleen Bawn*. The Killarney Meeting of the Waters is formed by the branching of the stream that flows from the Upper Lake. It divides below Old Weir Bridge, one channel flowing directly into the Middle Lake, the other curving round to make an island of Dinis before it runs into Glena Bay. The

Meeting of the Waters is undoubtedly beautiful, but seems best described by the adjective "pretty." It is pretty, and—if it is not heresy so to describe anything at Killarney—also insipid. Beneath Old Weir Bridge are the rapids, of a kind one associates with a charming, well-behaved landscape garden. But "pretty" and "insipid" have no place in the lexicon of language necessary to describe Killarney beyond this point.

The Long Range, the stream which leads to the Upper Lake, is two miles of perfect beauty. The Eagle's Nest lies to the right, a rugged mass of rock towering above the water. Its lower slopes are covered with trees, but above these the face of the hill frowns bleakly bare. Here the king of birds still has his eyrie, and the mountain justifies the eagle's choice, with the trees veiling the ruggedness of its base and the grey mists shrouding the anger of its head. There is a wonderful echo here. A bugle-call floats across the still water; from the hills come back the silvery echo of the chords, caught up by hill after hill, ringing and dying in an exquisite repetition, as though the earthly music had wandered across the border into fairyland to die away among the enchanted valleys of Tir-nan-og.

The Upper Lake is the Valhalla of the Keltic

hero-gods. It does not warm with its smiling sunlight; it has the quality of slow music played in the dusk—"the sorrowing harp's dark music"; and instead of moving the beholder to spoken admiration, it commands the greater tribute of a wondering silence. The lake is a still and misty mere studded with islands brilliantly green with the arbutus that decks them. To the far north frowns the Purple Mountain; in the south the line of the Derricunihy hills spreads its green cloak beneath the sun; towards the east Mangerton towers aloof and alone above the lesser heights; and in the distant west the Reeks, with Carrantuohill for their king, pierce the sky as though it had been here that Titan and his giants piled Ossa upon Pelion to reach Olympus.

On the eastern side of the lakes, about a mile from Muckross Abbey, is Torc Waterfall. The path, with larch, holly, oak, birch, and alder growing beside it, climbs steeply up to where the fall roars down the jagged precipice of rocks. The path continues to ascend, passing through a thin plantation where the light gleams like sunlight through a forest of spears, and, turning, one sees far below the wide panorama of the lakes, hills, and woods of Killarney. Near to the left towers Torc Mountain; below is the Middle Lake, and farther

on lies Lough Leane, with Innisfallen like an emerald in a silver ring; in between are the green woods of Glena; and away to the right the faint blue line of hills fades in a sea-blue sky. It is the most exquisitely lovely scene imaginable, rivalling that enchanted realm where

> . . . all the year the fruit is on the tree,
> And all the year the bloom is on the flower.

Continuing on from Torc in the direction of Killarney town, one comes to Muckross Abbey, one of the most famous ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland.

In an excellent little handbook, obtainable at Muckross, the story of the abbey's foundation is retold. We learn that in the early part of the fourteenth century, Donal MacCarthy Mor, Prince of Desmond, was overcome by remorse for his life of battle and bloodshed. He sought the advice of a monk, offering, in the fashion of the period, to found a church by way of satisfaction. The monk, in the oracular, half-unintelligible language that tied the knot in the plot of every ancient quest, directed MacCarthy to journey eastward and build his church at the Rock of Music. After a long and vain search for the spot, the chieftain returned to his own country. Resting near the shore of

Lough Leane, he saw a child filling her pitcher at a well that bubbled from a rock. The contrast between the child's innocence and his own blood-guilt moved MacCarthy to a further declaration of contrition, and Heaven, accepting his repentance, caused "all the witchery of sound" to issue re-echoing from the grey Rock of Music. Here, then, MacCarthy built his church upon the site of an earlier Christian settlement established by St. Finian of Innisfallen. The chieftain became a lay-brother in the monastery, and after a life of repentance, mostly passed inside the customary hair-shirt, he died like an earlier Huysmans and was buried in the abbey choir. This story partly explains the old name of the abbey—Irrelagh, the Eastern Pass.

Muckross, built about a century before the decline of monasticism, did not belong to the golden age of Irish scholastic supremacy, but the traditions of the past lived on with the Franciscan community of the abbey. Here for two centuries they laboured, studied, preached, and probably instructed as well, until the suppression of the monasteries in the first half of the sixteenth century. Apparently, the monks who survived the process of eviction returned and remained in possession until 1585, the year of the notorious "Act of Elizabeth," when the abbey

was temporarily deserted. The monks seem again to have drifted back, for the abbey was suppressed once more in 1600. It came into the possession of the Protestant Bishop of Ardfert and Aghadoe, who must have been a considerate landlord, since the Franciscans were able to attempt the repair of the abbey in 1602. It was partly restored in 1626, but the day of its final destruction was at hand. Ludlow burned the abbey and put the monks to the sword in 1652. The Cromwellian period in Ireland presents a record of atrocities which has probably never been paralleled, even by any other Christian country. Christianity, however, partly owes its survival to the persecution inflicted on it during the ages. In Ireland persecution had its inevitable result, and the religion which it sought to suppress is probably more flourishing in that country to-day than anywhere else in the world. The Muckross community, recruited from various sources, continued to exist; and it is pleasant to think that, after its long history of brutal suppression bravely endured, the Franciscan community of Muckross still flourishes to-day in its monastery in Killarney town.

The park in which Muckross Abbey stands is extremely beautiful, and all too soon the ruins

THE EAGLE'S NEST, KILLARNEY. *Page 104*

are reached. The abbey is a roofless, ivy-clad building, surmounted by a square tower, and is in comparatively good preservation. The exterior suggests an empty shell and gives little indication of the interest of the interior. The approach is through a graveyard. Indeed, the place is a mass of graves.

The visitor is, perhaps, prepared to be disappointed until he stands beneath the entrance arch, when he is immediately conscious of a quickened interest. The building is not large but it is compact, and since the length is some five times more than the width, it seems very gracefully slender, an effect which is increased by the apparent loftiness of the roofless walls. Standing beneath the arch of the doorway, it is possible to look from end to end of the building. Immediately in front is the nave; beyond that is the tower, supported by four slender arches through which the choir can be seen and the end wall that contains the lovely east window.

There are several tombs in the nave, but the oldest inscriptions are illegible and the other monuments are in memory of people interred here since the abbey became a ruin, and who are not interesting because they have not been dead long enough. The Lady Chapel that lies to the right of the nave and is about a century later than the rest of the

building is an exquisite little place, bright in its ruined emptiness; and the light that pours in from the beautiful window in the south wall illuminates the interior and seems to make it wonderfully radiant, altogether free from the customary gloom of holy places. Here there are the bases of altars, empty statue-niches in the walls, and the hollow cupboards of stone that are a feature of pre-Reformation churches.

The cloisters and the choir are the most interesting portions of the abbey. The choir is a cross-word puzzle of gravestones, conspicuous among which is a square monument in the centre. The slab in the ground just beside this monument is partly covered with transverse iron bars beneath which are the indecipherable armorial bearings of the MacCarthys, Princes of Desmond. The line of MacCarthy Mor ceased to exist in the eighteenth century; and the O'Donoghues of the Glens obtained the vault which lies beneath the slab, and raised this square, tomb-like monument. It bears an epitaph, now almost obliterated, in the sonorous but somewhat florid style of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The fourteen lines conclude:

> If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,
> Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue lies here.

Beyond the O'Donoghue monument there are three stone slabs, one of which covers the grave of Owen Roe O'Sullivan, one of the greatest of Irish poets in the native tongue. In the north wall is a curious tablet with a Latin inscription beautifully cut in linked characters:

> Pray for the happy state of Brother Thadeus Holen, who cared for the renovation of this sacred convent. In the year of Our Lord 1626.

The glory of the choir is the east window. It is set in a deep embrasure and consists of four lights, the mullions interlacing at the top. It is wonderfully symmetrical and graceful, a fine example of the loveliness with which the craftsmanship of man can endow naked stone. The ivy that crowns its arch and the trees that rustle beyond the window add considerably to its beauty; but it must have been at least equally lovely when the old painted glass filled the frames, and the sunlight, mellowed by its passage through the thick glass, fell in soft richness upon the altar beneath.

It is in the cloisters that one gets nearest to the old monastic days, for they are still almost perfect, and something of the social element to satisfy which they were primarily constructed still lingers about them. These cloisters are unequally arched,

two sides having ten pointed Gothic arches, and the other two having twelve round Norman arches. The square court is unroofed, as was customary, but the spreading branches of a huge yew-tree which occupies the centre of the court now roof the place fairly effectively. This tree is of the same age as the abbey, and all the customary legends attach to it, such as sickness or death for lopping off its branches. It has a wonderful effect on the old cloisters, giving them a cool green dimness like the green of a mountain brook where the bank overshadows the water.

On the west side of the cloisters is the narrow stair where the monks of Irrelagh went up and down about God's work, and where those chivalrous gentlemen who bore the sword of the Lord and of Gideon followed. At the top of the stair to the left is the *scriptorium*. The floor is gone, but one still seems to see the desks where scribe and *miniator* once laboured with busy fingers over the vellum sheets. It is very still and deserted here now; only the ivy trembles against the wall as though stirred by a cold breath, or as though it shuddered at a memory.

The kitchen lies to the right, but it is not one of those tremendous kitchens with spits on which an

THE UPPER LAKE, KILLARNEY

...RET PUBLIC
...LIBRARY

ox could be roasted. The room is small, and the fireplace, though once larger, was never apparently of tremendous size. In the second half of the eighteenth century a latter-day hermit, John Drake, lived here for eleven years. He adopted the mode of life of the regular anchorite, existed on a diet of bread and water, and slept in the wide niche that had originally been the kitchen dresser. He went away from Muckross as mysteriously as he had come, and was never heard of again. There is a "story" in it somewhere, but nobody seems to know exactly where. Crofton Croker used Drake as a central figure in one of his sketches in *Lays and Legends of Killarney*, in which, like so many of Mr. Croker's Irish characters, he is shown in the guise of a drunken old reprobate.

Though the kitchen fireplace may not come up to expectation, there is one in the refectory that is capable of staging the descent from the chimney of the late-lamented Mick McQuaid. This room is singularly bright, and seems to retain a sort of sunny hospitality, partly because of its associations, more probably because of the lancet windows that allow the light to enter in golden streams.

The dormitory, beyond and at right-angles to the refectory, is now an open roofless chamber, with

the square tower unexpectedly shooting up from one end of it; a quaint window-frame at the other; and deep embrasures in the two longer walls. It is difficult to reproduce the pronounced charm of it. There is a circular hole in the floor at the tower end that looks like a well until one comes to examine it, when it turns out to be a circular staircase. Several feet up the side of the tower that faces the dormitory is a disconnected doorway with three or four steps leading up into the impenetrable and mysterious gloom of the turret. The sky roofs the place, and the leaves of the swaying branches murmur above it. The cells of the monks are gone, but here they once slept, and that prosaic fact seems to make them strangely human. The passage of time makes them very remote, and the rigid code of their useful but secluded lives places them still farther apart; but—they slept, and this is the touch of nature that makes them kin. Watch the well of the circular staircase, and you can plainly see them coming up: first their cowled heads, and then their bent shoulders; then the sandalled foot of the foremost is thrust upon the top step, and, with hands concealed in the wide sleeves and heads bent, they come pacing by to their little cells.

It is only a glimpse, but Muckross is full of

glimpses like that. It was a haven of rest set amid surroundings of exquisite beauty, and much of the history and the associations of the place cling around it still. There are many other visions to be seen here, and many sounds that fall upon the ghostly silence, sounds that have no echo. There is the sunlight glittering upon painted letter and golden chalice; the soft melody of a bell tinkling in the dusk; the tramp of wayfarers approaching the monastery gate to claim the hospitality of the holy house; aye, and the ring of steel, and blood upon the stones, and beneath the whispering of the leaves comes the murmur of long-dead voices chanting in the choir praying for their dead.

CHAPTER VII

DESMOND AND THE BLACKWATER COUNTRY

DESMOND is South Munster; for the present purpose it may be considered as all the region west of a line connecting the two cities of Waterford and Limerick. Maurice the Rhymer, Earl of Desmond in the early fourteenth century, claimed to rule over all these four counties of Limerick, Kerry, Cork, and Waterford. This ruling family of the Geraldines was one of the most famous houses in Europe. Originally they claimed descent from the Gherardini of Florence, but in these islands their origin was Norman-Welsh. Nesta, daughter of Rhys-ap-Griffith, became the wife of Gerald of Windsor. Two of Nesta's grandsons, Miles and Raymond Fitzgerald—the latter more familiar in history as Raymond le Gros—entered Ireland in the twelfth century, and from this stock the Geraldines grew and flourished. There were two branches of the house: one established in the south-west, Earls of Desmond; the other, Earls of Kildare—this

THE SEA CAVES OF BALLYBUNNION, Co. KERRY

latter better known in modern times as the Dukes of Leinster. The Geraldines, however, were not localized in these areas. Though their power dwindled or soared with the varying circumstances of history, they were the greatest house throughout the entire southern half of the country. Intermarried with older Irish families, and subjected to that peculiar absorbing quality which Ireland has always possessed, they became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The Kildare Geraldines, geographically nearer to England and almost hereditary holders of office under the English government, became purely Irish, but had more in common with England than the Desmonds. The latter, in the more isolated south-west, became an Irish-speaking, almost aggressively Gaelic house. The Geraldines were noteworthy for their culture in addition to their bravery, and famous for their charm and physical beauty, the latter quality instanced particularly by Lucy Fitzgerald of Desmond, and Surrey's renowned "Fair Geraldine," daughter of the Earl of Kildare.

Of the mass of legends connected with the Geraldines two local to the region are worth recording. In Kerry three great families were predominant: Fitzgeralds, Lords of Desmond;

Fitzmaurices, Lords of Northern Kerry, and descendants of Maurice, son of Raymond le Gros; and the MacCarthy. In 1261 MacCarthy Mor defeated the Normans under Lord Thomas Fitzgerald with terrific slaughter near Kenmare. Thomas and his son were both left dead on the field. "The whole family of the Geraldines," says the old chronicler, O'Daly, "had well-nigh perished; at one blow they were cut off—father and son; and now there remained but an infant one year old, to wit, the son of John FitzThomas, recently slain. The nurse, who had heard the dismal tidings at Tralee, ran about here and there distraught with grief, and left the cradle of the young Geraldine without a watcher; thereupon an ape (which was kept for amusement sake) came and raised the infant out of the cradle and carried him to the top of the castle. There, to the astonishment of those who passed by, the ape took off the babe's swaddling clothes, licked him all over, clothed him again, and brought him back to his cradle safe and sound. Then coming to the nurse, as it were in reproof for her neglect, he dealt her a blow. Ever after was that babe called *Thomas a n'Appa*—that is, 'of the Ape'; and when he grew to man's estate . . . bravely did he avenge his father's and grandfather's murder, and re-erect the

CORK HARBOUR

fortunes of his house. He left a son, Maurice FitzThomas, who was the first Earl of Desmond." It is curious that the armorial bearings of the Geraldines display two apes as supporters.

Thomas, the sixth earl, is the hero of the second story. Returning from a belated chase through the glens of North Kerry, he halted at the humble dwelling of one of his own clansmen, and ended by falling in love with the retainer's daughter, Catherine MacCormick. He married the girl, and the proud Geraldines rose against him. The earl refused to renounce his beggar-wife, and surrendering title and territory, fled with her to France, where he died at Rouen in 1420.

It was around this incident that Moore wove his beautiful *Desmond's Song*:

> Hath the pearl less whiteness
> Because of its birth?
> Hath the violet less brightness
> For growing near earth?

The Desmonds had their strongholds from the Suir to the Shannon; one of their Limerick fortresses, Crom Castle, perpetuates a famous Irish battle-cry, *Crom aboo!* The house, however, fell after the unsuccessful rebellion of the *Sugaun* (Pretender) Earl, and the lands of "deep-valleyed

Desmond" were parcelled out among English adventurers.

Whatever changes history may bring, unenvious time makes no change in the loveliness of Kerry. It would be easy to fill pages on the cliff-scenery of Valencia, the beauty of the sea-cleft coast round to the mouth of the Kenmare River, or the splendid wildness of the Pass of Ballaghbeama, but Killarney has already been noticed at some length, and with Killarney—not a little thing—Kerry must be content. From Kenmare it is a lovely journey by road through the remainder of the county to the tunnel that leads into Cork. On the other side, just before the road begins to descend to Glengariff, there is a steep incline from the brow of which can be seen the wide expanse of Bantry Bay with the mountains at its head, the stream-watered valleys, and the island-gemmed harbour of Glengariff.

Cork, perhaps more than any other county, would furnish material for a book. There is the sea-swept grandeur of the coast round to Youghal Bay, the loveliness of its mountainous west, the shy beauty of the north and east, the charm of such rivers as the Lee and the Blackwater, and a thousand of the finest pictures ever painted on earth's canvas. And not least the city of Cork, with the glamour

of its literary associations, with its heritage of wit and brilliance, and the rollicking music of the Shandon bells lilting down the years. Yet in all this fair region there is perhaps nothing fairer than Glengariff, the "Rough Glen."

When Nature decided to make Ireland an exhibition-gallery of her best work, she started to experiment at Glengariff. She made a glen and hemmed it in on three sides with the most fantastically shaped mountains that she could conceive, and slung huge rocks and queer boulders about with a studied carelessness. Standing back to view the general effect, she discovered that she had created a wonder valley of barbaric splendour and crazy loveliness, perfect of its kind, but not, perhaps, of the supremely perfect kind. So she pillaged every corner of her empire, and dressed the glen with all the contrasting loveliness that blossoms in the tropic south. In front she set the sea, gemmed with "evening isles fantastical," and directed the sun to perform a miracle twice daily for the wonder of all beholders. So Nature made Glengariff, and so it is to-day.

The road from Glengariff to Inchigeela goes by the Pass of Keim-an-eigh, the "Pass of the Deer," one of those wildly picturesque localities beloved of

Mrs. Radcliffe. The defile is more than a mile in length, and the hill-sides that rise beside the strip of road seem as though they had been formed by the swift stroke of a giant's sword. Here are all the romantic properties of an authentic robbers' glen: huge boulders poised threateningly above the way; a mountain torrent; and, it might also be added, the robbers themselves. The latter are gone now, of course, but no later than the last century the pass was held by a gang of rapparees. The military were sent to destroy this mountain lair, but the bandits rolled rocks down on the invaders, and the forces of law and order were compelled to retire.

One of those sudden transitions which add so greatly to the charm of Irish travel is supplied by Gougane Barra, which lies about a mile to the left of the cross-roads. The holy lake of Gougane Barra is a still sheet of dark water enclosed on three sides by steep and desolate mountains. On the remaining side the lake flows out to form the source of the Lee. An island in the lake, now connected to the shore by a causeway, contains some interesting ecclesiastical ruins more than ten centuries old. This was the retreat of St. Fin Barre, virtual founder of the city of Cork. The saint is traditionally credited with having drowned a snake in this

GLENGARIFF, Co. CORK. *Page 121*

lake, the reptile, the last in Ireland, having been overlooked by St. Patrick. There are several Irish lakes boasting the same distinction. St. Fin Barre established a monastery here, but, as the result of a vision, he followed the windings of the Lee to a spot now occupied by the present Cork, there founding another monastery. The Gougane Barra ruins are the scene of a pilgrimage equally famous with those of the Donegal Lough Derg and Croagh Patrick. In addition to the remains of a church, there is the oratory, a rectangular enclosure containing eight low circular cells in the walls. In the centre is a stone platform with four steps, surmounted by a plain wooden cross; and around the walls are the tablets of the Stations of the Cross. The waters of the holy well here are believed to possess potent healing qualities. One thing, however, is certain about Gougane Barra—namely, that the saint did not intend the scenic beauties of his surroundings to distract him from his devotions. Gougane Barra has a strange sad charm, but it is more sombre than the Wicklow Glendalough.

Continuing to Inchigeela, the road goes near by where the Lee widens into the chain of lakes, the largest of which is Lough Allua. Inchigeela is only ten miles from Macroom, where the railway

begins again. There is no rail between Kenmare and Macroom, which is as well, because this is a road to be travelled at leisure. It is doubtful whether any other road in Europe can show the same variety of scenery during so short a distance: sea, river, mountain: mountain-tarns, torrents, and passes: sea-loughs and inland lakes: desolate grandeur and smiling valleys.

The railway from Macroom runs to Cork. Of the many "sights" in the charming country that surrounds Ireland's most delightful city, Blarney Castle is the most renowned. The first fortification at Blarney was a timber erection built by Dermot MacCarthy. The second dated from 1200, and the third, or existing castle, was built upon the foundations of the second. The MacCarthys were rulers of Desmond before the coming of the Geraldines, and it was Cormac MacCarthy, *Laidir*, "the Strong," who built the present stronghold in the fifteenth century. In Elizabeth's day this was the most powerful fortress in Munster. It was taken by Ireton in the seventeenth century, and the outworks and defences were destroyed, only the square keep surviving. This keep stands upon a limestone rock with the Coomaun, "crooked river," winding round it. It is over one hundred and twenty feet

BLARNEY CASTLE, Co. CORK

high, and the walls are tremendously thick—nine feet in some places—and here and there they have little vaulted chambers set in them like cupboards.

The interest of the place centres more about the Blarney Stone than about the fortress or its history. The traditional properties of the stone are world famous, but the story of its origin is less familiar. The legend runs that Cormac MacCarthy, builder of the present castle, once rescued an old woman from drowning. In reward the crone offered Cormac the gift of an irresistible eloquence, to obtain which he had to kiss a certain stone inconveniently situated in the western parapet of his own castle keep. MacCarthy performed the difficult operation, and the gift—or the curse, as the case may be—of a golden tongue forthwith descended upon him. Traditionally, the stone retains this magical property to the present day.

Like "hubbub," "blarney" is one of the few words directly coined from the Irish which are found in everyday English use. The MacCarthy of Elizabeth's time was constantly asked to renounce the Irish Tanistry system, by which the chieftain was always elected by the clan, to adopt instead the Norman-English system of primogeniture, and to hold his lands direct from the Crown. MacCarthy

had either kissed his own Blarney Stone or had been educated as a ward at the English court. To every request to come to heel he replied with expressions of the greatest willingness, with flattery and soft words, but never got beyond promises. Finally, Elizabeth, after reading one of his honeyed declarations, exclaimed: "This is all Blarney; what he says he never does."

From the battlements of the old keep one can look down on the green meadows, straggling white roads, little houses, the nearer trees and glades of the famed "Groves of Blarney," and wonder whether it may not have been from this pleasantly smiling, "sootherin'" environment that the MacCarthys acquired their gifts of diplomatic persuasion. Legends cluster about this locality. In Blarney Lake, for example, the Earl of Clancarty cast the family treasure, rather than allow it to come into the possession of strangers. Three of the MacCarthys know where the treasure was sunk, for when one of them is on his death-bed he confides the information to his next-of-kin. Thus the secret is preserved, but it is never to be disclosed until once again a MacCarthy is Lord of Blarney.

Mallow, due north from Blarney, is the rail-centre for all this Desmond country. Mallow itself is one

of those lovely little Irish towns where it is always Sunday afternoon; not the Sunday afternoon with which some of us are so familiar, but the summery drowsiness of Sunday-ish hours when even the sunlight takes its siesta in the quiet streets and forgets to go on its way. Of the two lines which run respectively north and east from Mallow, one goes by ruined Kilmallock and the Golden Vale to Thurles; the other by the Blackwater to Lismore and Waterford. Following the former, a branch line runs from Goold's Cross in Tipperary to Cashel.

Cashel of the Kings is a collection of ecclesiastical ruins on the summit of a huge mass of limestone rock which rises steeply from the surrounding plain to a height of nearly three hundred feet. The origin of Cashel has been the subject of some archæological controversy. The existing ruins are definitely Christian. They date from the early twelfth century, the round tower being much earlier and the cathedral later. Cormac MacCulinan, ninth century, and Cormac MacCarthy, twelfth century, are the earliest and greatest names historically associated with Cashel—both Christian, of course. Keating records its founding in the following legend:

It so happened that two herdsmen, Ciolarn and Durdre, the one belonging to the King of Ely, the other to the King of Muscrie Tire, which we call Ormond, drove their herds to the wood to feed; and, when they had continued there for some time, upon a certain evening, they discovered a most beautiful person, who, advancing towards them, began to sing with a soft and melodious voice; and then, walking solemnly about, he consecrated, as it were, the spot of land whereon the palace of Cashel was built, prophesying aloud of the coming of St. Patrick, soon after which he vanished. The herdsmen, surprised at so unusual a sight, when they came to their homes, related what they had seen, till at length it reached the court of Corc, son of Luighdheach, King of Munster. This prince, from a sense of religion, repaired immediately to Ciothdhruim, afterwards called Cashel, and built there a most stately palace, calling it Lios na Laochruidhe, which he made the seat of his residence. He received the taxes and revenues of his kingdom upon Carraic Patrick, that is Patrick's rock, but then called Caisiol, or Cios oil; for Cais signifies rent, and Oil, in Irish, is a rock or stone; and, therefore, the King of Munster receiving his rents and taxes upon that stone, by joining the words *cais* and *oil*, this royal palace came afterwards to be called Cashel.

This Corc of whom Keating speaks was contemporary with Niall of the Nine Hostages in the Ossianic Period—that is to say, at about the close of the fourth century A.D. The assumed year in which Patrick commenced his missionary work in Ireland was A.D. 432, some fifty years later. This suggests the foundation of a pre-Christian Cashel,

but Christianity certainly existed in Ireland before Patrick, though it had not flourished, and it certainly entered the country from the south. Cashel, therefore, is on the chronological borderline ; but it may be noted that the royal residences of pagan Ireland were generally built upon a height—Armagh, Aileach, and Tara, for example. Christian buildings and the settlements that grew up about them were customarily established on lake-shores or river-banks. Thus its commanding position lends probability to the suggestion that Cashel was anciently a pagan residence devoted in later ages to the uses of Christianity. It was certainly the seat of the Christian kings of Thomond until Murtagh O'Brien gave it to the Church. In addition to Keating's " Rock of Tribute," the name may also be derived from *Cashiol*, which in Gaelic has a similar meaning to the Latin *castrum*.

With the exception of the round tower, the oldest building on the rock is Teampul Cormaic, Cormac's Chapel, built either by Cormac MacCulinan, bishop-king of Cashel, or more probably by Cormac MacCarthy. The chapel is Irish Romanesque, roofed with stone, and consists of a nave and chancel with a tower on each side of their junction. The northern doorway is sculpturally

the richest. It is surmounted by a canopy, and the lintel bears a device in bas-relief representing a centaur shooting at a large animal with a bow and arrow. Nave and chancel are roofed with a semicircular arch, and the walls of both have a row of slightly recessed semicircular arches. Norman characteristics are distinctly marked in capital and arch, and the variety of decorations is almost endless. The strange inscriptions in Latin and Gaelic and the queer time-blackened carvings of mysterious deities on the old tombs seem to emphasize the Asiatic heathenism suggested by the bas-relief above the door, and recall that dim period when pagan myth survived in Christian tradition.

The cathedral was built later in the twelfth century by Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond. It was burned three hundred years later by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, and the interior woodwork entirely destroyed. The Earl applied the torch with his own hands, and subsequently defended the vandalism by roundly stating that he only fired the place because he was convinced that his enemy, Archbishop Creagh, was inside at the time. It is entirely consistent with Irish history that this frank avowal helped to obtain for the Earl the office of Lord-deputy of Ireland, Henry of England appoint-

ing him on the argument that since "all Ireland cannot rule this gentleman, then he shall rule all Ireland."

The round tower, in contrast to the prevailing limestone, is built of sandstone. It has the conical top and the usual four apertures facing the cardinal points, while the windows set at various heights in the tower show that it was a five-storied building. The date of erection is unknown, but since it is the oldest structure on the rock it may be assumed that it belongs to the earliest period of these towers—namely, between the sixth and tenth centuries. Near by are the monastic ruins with the famous Cross of Cashel in the burial-ground. Below the cross is the stone upon which the kings of Munster were formerly crowned.

A winding stairway leads to the top of the walls and to one of the most peaceful scenes imaginable, the glorious Golden Vale of Tipperary; but scenery has a way of refusing to be reproduced in printer's ink. So Cashel, the living lovely proof of a departed greatness, is left behind and the journey continued to Holy Cross Abbey, which, like an architectural Nemesis, has gazed for seven centuries at the still beauty of its own reflection in the waters at its feet.

Holy Cross Abbey stands on the right bank of the Suir some four miles south of Thurles. Probably no other ecclesiastical ruin in Ireland is less frequently visited by the traveller; scarcely any other ruin in the country so well repays a visit. Legend tells that in early times before the abbey's foundation the site was occupied by a hermit's cell. It happened that this saintly recluse was seized by four robbers who, demanding some proof of his miraculous powers, insisted that he should make a certain tall tree bend until its branches touched the ground. The hermit disclaimed any such miraculous power, but of its own accord the tree bent until its top touched the earth. The robbers seized the branches and attempted to stay the tree's downward course, but they were unable to loose their grip, and the tree returning to its natural position they were swung aloft to dangle until death released them. The King of Thomond, Donald O'Brien, came to witness the peculiar sight. Finding it impossible to loosen the grip of the dead men's hands, the king cut the bodies down and gave them burial; but the eight severed hands long remained in the tree-top to witness the truth of the legend. To commemorate the event Donald founded the abbey as a Cistercian monastery, and

A. HEATON COOPER

it long bore the name *Monaster Oghter Lamhan*, the "Monastery of the Eight Hands." Its greatness, however, dates from the time when the English house of Plantagenet made a gift to the church of a precious relic, a fragment of the Cross of Calvary. After that the abbey became one of the most famous in Ireland, and the Abbot bore the dignity of Earl of Holy Cross. The relic of the cross is still in existence, preserved in the Ursuline convent at Blackrock, Cork.

Holy Cross is in the Pointed style, cruciform in plan, and with a massive square tower. The ruins are extensive and in good preservation. The east window, always the finest in monastic buildings of the period, is perfect. The mullions carry a honeycomb tracery which fills very nearly the whole upper half of the window. The groining of the chancel roof, the shrine, the tomb in the choir, the transepts, are among the many features which made this abbey one of the finest of its day in Ireland. Yet the beauty of Holy Cross is not in its architecture alone. It is in the charm of its situation beside the swift-flowing water; in the clinging ivy that twines on tower and gable; lovely in its loneliness, splendid in decay, with a patience that has conquered time, it seems to await, not the night, but a splendid dawning.

Beautiful Tipperary, the "well of the plains," has tempted an unruly pen to stray beyond the proper limit of Desmond. Returning to Mallow, the eastward rail-route goes by the valley of the Blackwater to Lismore and Waterford.

The Blackwater rises in the mountains on the Kerry border, flows right across Cork, and after penetrating for some little distance into Waterford, empties itself into the sea at Youghal. This river is claimed to be the loveliest in Ireland, which is perhaps a modest way of saying that it is the loveliest in the world. Waterford and Cork roughly share its honours. It is beautiful enough between the sea and Cappoquin, but from the latter place to the westward of Fermoy it is probably at its best. Upstream from Youghal there is all the grandeur of hill scenery, the slopes on one side crowned with dense masses of firs, and on the other a rich green land of pasture and tilled fields embowering twinkling white cottages. Along the banks of the Blackwater are the ruins of many a storied tower and stately abbey set high upon defensive crag or amid river-kissed meadow, from the ruins of Strancally Castle, perched upon the rock near the Broads of Clashmore, up to the magnificent pile of Lismore Castle. A little below

Cappoquin the river-banks show that enchanting variety so typical of Irish scenery. Stream and hill and wooded glen are there in all their varied perfection, and about them, as though they realized the wonder of the treasure they enshrined, are the jealously encircling hills.

The rail from Mallow keeps close to the river, crosses it by Fermoy, and runs parallel with it to Cappoquin. The first place of note beyond Fermoy is Lismore, which was to the old days what Maynooth or Mount Melleray is to the new, a famous seat of scholarship. Lismore, "the great house," probably existed before St. Carthagh's time, but it owed its importance to that saint. He founded a monastery and a bishopric here in the seventh century, and the cathedral perpetuates his name.

Lismore Castle stands above the river on an eminence the sheerness of which is shrouded by the trees that grow up from the water's edge. This castle was built by John, then Earl of Morton, in the twelfth century. Four years after its erection it was taken by the Irish, who put the garrison to the sword. Restored, it became the residence of the bishops of the see until Myler MacGrath, who was Bishop of Lismore as well as holder of many other remunerative offices, granted the manor and

lands to Walter Raleigh, from whom they were purchased by Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork. Boyle erected most of the existing building, and from his family it descended, by marriage, to the Dukes of Devonshire.

The high position of the castle is indicated by an anecdote. One of the windows is still called "King James's Window," and the story goes that the King, glancing through it, leapt back in terror when he saw the depth at which the narrow stream flowed beneath. There is material here for many such stories, for about these ivied walls and crenellated turrets history has been made. Broghill held the castle against Belling; Purcell and Muskerry besieged it for a week; Castlehaven burned it; Clarendon slept in it; James II. visited it; and Rutland held a council here and issued proclamations with all the authority of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The castle makes a splendid picture when the shadows of the trees fall athwart the path of the sun, and tower and turret are etched against the sky. Below, the river goes twisting along between envious banks, making many a bend and curve to prolong its journey through this green and pleasant land; and in the background, beyond where the stream is lost, are the ever-lovely hills.

Cappoquin, like Lismore, is in the County Waterford, but belongs to the Blackwater. This little town has a history that is remote enough. It was ravaged by Purcell, and it obstinately resisted Castlehaven, but it has no appearance of antiquity to-day. Cappoquin went to sleep when the mail-coaches ceased to run from Waterford to Cork, and only stirs in its slumber when some curious tourist descends from the train to visit the monastery of St. Bernard la Trappe at Mount Melleray. Yet even in Cappoquin there is progress: the rushlight has long given way to the candle, and many of the more advanced households use oil-lamps; but when the shadows of dusk wrap the little town it seems strangely still, almost uncanny, with the silent folks moving in the streets like dim-seen spectres in the artificial darkness of a shuttered room.

At Mount Melleray, near the town, is a monastery of the Trappist monks, an offshoot of the Cistercian Order originally founded by Robert of Champagne in the eleventh century. The Trappists, expelled from France in 1830, settled in this bleak wild, reclaimed acres of the mountain-side, fenced, drained, made roads, and planted trees. The traveller who hopes to find an architecturally lovely monastery in the beautiful Gothic tradition of the Cistercians,

full of jolly old monks drinking Trappistine and singing songs, will be disappointed. He will find a collection of businesslike buildings occupied by a community the work of whose hands bears admirable testimony to the usefulness of the monastic life. What was once a barren mountain-side is now a fertile land. There are schools for children, a church for the surrounding district, guest-houses, and a college that is already famous in the country. Architecturally, Mount Melleray may not be outstanding, but it deserves the most honourable mention as a splendid example of enterprise and industry.

At Cappoquin is the parting of the ways. Here the Blackwater turns southwards to Youghal Harbour, flowing through the tract of country already described. The railway continues eastward, swerves to the south as though it intended to plunge into the sea at Dungarvan, then changes its mind and runs north by east to that ancient city on the Suir, Waterford.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM WATERFORD TO WICKLOW

The history of Waterford is to a certain extent the history of Ireland, but there is so much of it that one hesitates where to begin. Briefly, there are four periods—early Irish, Christian, Scandinavian, and Norman. It is said that this city was founded before the second century; if so, it was of little importance, for the Irish were never town-builders, but such as it was, it was an Irish town. The second, or Christian, period deserves mention since it was here, before Patrick's time, that Christianity first entered the country. The third, or Scandinavian, period marks the birth of Waterford as a city, when in the mid-ninth century the Ostmen under Sitric are supposed to have built the nucleus of a town. At this point the name of the place may be considered. To the early Irish it is believed to have been *Cuan-na-grian*, the "Haven of the Sun." It was later called *Gleann-na-gleodh*, the "Valley of Lamentation," from a bloody

conflict between Irish and Danes in which the victorious Irish burned the town to the ground. The existing name, Waterford, is generally supposed to be a corruption of the Scandinavian *Vader-Fiord*, "Ford of the Father," or of Odin. On from the ninth century we have more or less authenticated historical facts. By that time the Norsemen were established in Waterford. They made their ports from the Liffey round to the Shannon, but they stayed always in sight of the sea. These Scandinavian seaboard settlements were self-contained and independent, their rulers being "Kings of the Danes of Waterford," or whatever city it might be. The power of the Ostmen in Ireland was broken for ever at Clontarf. Thereafter they began gradually to mingle with the native population, adopting Christianity and intermarrying with the Irish. Yet Waterford was principally a Scandinavian settlement when the fourth period began—the entry of that Norman stock which a century earlier had conquered England. The story of Devorgilla, and the dispossessed Dermot MacMurrogh's appeal to Henry II., has already been mentioned. As a result of Dermot's activities in England, certain small forces of Norman-Welsh adventurers landed near Bannow on the Wexford

HOLY CROSS ABBEY, THURLES, Co. TIPPERARY. *Page 131*

coast and occupied Wexford; but the principal invasion took place when Strongbow's ships appeared in the Waterford River on August 23, 1171. Joined by Raymond le Gros, Strongbow attacked Waterford. The town resisted stoutly for some time, but the wall had a weak point. This was where a house had been built in it, partly projecting outside and supported by posts. That fearless and ruthless soldier, Raymond le Gros, saw the weakness and led a company which hacked away the supports. The house fell, making a breach through which the Normans poured in to butcher and plunder. A year later, when Strongbow's forces had seized Dublin by strategy, and the convenient death of Dermot MacMurrogh had left them masters of Leinster, Henry II. landed here in Waterford to receive the homage of Normans and Irish, even Rory O'Connor, then High King of Ireland, acknowledging Henry's overlordship.

From that time events in Waterford's story, brought within the wider compass of comparatively modern history, develop into a catalogue. The city, from its situation and importance, became the centre of communication with England. John landed here twice, first as prince, later as king; and Richard II. disembarked at Waterford in his

disastrous attempt to try conclusions with Art MacMurrogh Kavanagh. Waterford, on the whole, was very loyal. It spurned Lambert Simnel, for all his support by the Geraldine of Kildare; and it rejected and successfully resisted Perkin Warbeck, for all his backing by the Geraldine of Desmond. Later, it scorned James I. on his accession, and when Lord-deputy Mountjoy appeared before the town on behalf of that monarch, the citizens told him they had a charter from King John exempting them from having soldiers quartered upon them, and refused to admit anyone except Mountjoy himself. Then the Lord-deputy swore "to draw King James's sword and cut the charter of King John to pieces, destroy the city and strew it with salt"; so the citizens thought better of it and admitted his army. Cromwell failed to take Waterford, but it fell to Ireton in the following year. From Duncannon Fort, just down the river, James II. took ship for France the day after the Boyne. Later, William landed here, and from here he departed for England after his failure to reduce Limerick.

The best view of Waterford as it is to-day is from Mount Misery, the rocky height on the northern side of the Suir. In the valley below the

broad river runs swiftly and strongly to the sea. Across on the southern bank, spreading along the river margin and keeping to the water-level, are the long quays, the roofs, spires, and towers of the old city, with the openings of the narrow streets appearing unexpectedly between the unequal blocks of houses. At the far end of the quays is Reginald's Tower, a solitary relic of old Waterford. This squat circular tower takes its name from its assumed builder, Reginald, properly Ragnal, son of Imar, King of the Danes of Waterford. The tower was the scene of the last stand made by the defenders when Strongbow sacked the city. Tradition adds that here Aoife, daughter of Dermot the Traitor, was given in marriage to Strongbow. According to the *Annals of Tigernach*, Imar died in A.D. 1000, and Ragnal is believed to have built the tower two years later. It is therefore over nine hundred years old; but it was reconstructed at the end of the last century, and only the base is as the Norseman built it.

Little of old Waterford remains to-day. Ireton's men did their work well, and churches, works of art, and antiquities all suffered; even the tombs of the dead were defaced. Yet some of the churches survived, and one of the most interesting ruins in

the city is the "French Church," near Reginald's Tower. Sir Hugh Purcell founded a monastery here—the Holy Ghost Friary—for Franciscans in 1240. At the Dissolution it was purchased by Henry Walsh for £150 13s. 4d., and converted into an almshouse. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes a colony of French Huguenots fled to Waterford. They were given the nave of the converted church as a place of worship, and they continued their services here for more than a century. All that remains of this historic building is the Lady Chapel, chancel, nave, and tower; but the graves are extremely interesting. Among them is that of Sir Nial O'Neill, of Killylea, Antrim, colonel in the army of James II., who saw his king safely to Waterford before he died from wounds received at the Boyne. Another grave is that of a French Huguenot, from whom was descended a famous Waterford man—Field Marshal Lord Roberts, Earl of Waterford and Kandahar. The Powers are well represented here, too. By a similar process to that which made the Connacht de Burgos into Burkes, the Norman family of de la Poer became the Powers of later times. A de la Poer was first Marquis of Waterford, and the son of the fourth Marquis was Charles William

de la Poer, Lord Beresford. At least one other great Irish name deserves mention here. Edward Fitzgerald was born in Suffolk, but he was a Geraldine of the Decies, and his outstanding achievement, the translation of the Rubaiyat, is in its way comparable with either the relief of Kandahar or the bombardment of Alexandria.

Near where the Campile joins the Suir are the ruins of Dunbrody Abbey, standing in a low-lying meadow on the Wexford shore. This was one of the earliest Norman churches in Ireland. Henri de Montmorency, Marshal of Henry II., founded this monastery for Cistercians in the twelfth century. He himself entered the religious life, and after surrendering the residue of his lands became the first abbot. The sacrifice of temporal power may not have been so great, for the abbots themselves wielded tremendous power and sat as Lords in Parliament. The church is cruciform, with a massive tower at the junction of nave and transepts, and rows of pointed arches separate the nave from the aisles. Because of the size and extent of its ruins and the simplicity of design, Dunbrody has a fine stateliness, and the placid stream flowing near by seems to lend an added dignity to this eight centuries old religious house.

Near this point the Rivers Suir and Barrow separate the three counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, and Wexford. Kilkenny is popularly associated with cats, but it has other associations, chiefly in the town of Kilkenny. The name is derived from *Cill Cainnigh*, the "cell of Canice," St. Canice being a Churchman contemporary with Columba. The four principal objects of ecclesiastical interest here are St. Canice's Cathedral, the round tower, the Franciscan Friary, and the Black Abbey. The cathedral church of St. Canice is a cruciform building in the Early English style, dating from the thirteenth century. The particular beauty of St. Canice's is its marble: the pavement is made of this famous Kilkenny stone, the central tower is supported by clustered columns of black marble, and similar pillars separate nave and aisles. The church is large—Cromwell found accommodation in it for five hundred horses—and it contains several curiosities, notably a stone seat in the north transept called St. Kieran's Chair. Eight of the Bishops of Ossory and several members of the Ormonde family, including the second Earl, who was Lord-deputy, were buried here. The author of *The Famous Cities of Ireland* says: "Those who built that in the thirteenth century were true artists.

They added, in Ledrec's bishopric, an east window of coloured glass so precious that in the seventeenth century an Italian Cardinal sought to buy it for seven hundred pounds, the equivalent of at least ten thousand of our money. Unlucky the pride that refused; five years later Cromwell's soldiers made an end of it; only a few fragments have been unearthed to show how glorious were the ruby and purple of that forgotten day." The round tower, some one hundred and eight feet high, is at the southern end of the cathedral.

The Franciscan Friary was founded before 1230. In later times it became a barrack, and in the last century the roofless body of the church was used as a tennis-court, while the remainder of it was converted into a brewery. There is a seven-lights window, and the fourteenth-century tower yet stands. In this friary dwelt John Clyn, a famous annalist who recorded events of his own time "lest things worthy of remembrance should perish with time and fall away from the memory of those who are to come after us." Clyn, writing in 1348, the year when the plague raged so fiercely through Europe, gave a vivid picture of local conditions at the time. He left parchment "if haply any man survive, and any of the race of Adam escape

this pestilence and continue the work which I have commenced."

The Black Abbey, founded by William le Mareschal the Younger in 1225, has returned to the Dominican Order, who have restored it and here continue their ancient tradition.

The most interesting building in Kilkenny is the castle, seat of the Ormonde family. Theobald FitzWalter came to Ireland as "Bottiler" to King John, and the Butlers became Earls of Carrick and finally Earls of Ormonde. This family sometimes intermarried with the Fitzgeralds, but generally speaking these two great houses were hostile, their feud dating back to the time when they took opposite sides in the Wars of the Roses; and the south country suffered not a little as a result of their constant encounters. The castle stands on the river-bank in a commanding position. It was originally built by Strongbow, rebuilt by his successor William le Mareschal, and in the last century almost entirely reconstructed so as to include three of the old towers. Regarded as a whole, the castle is comparatively modern, but it is a splendid baronial mansion, and the treasures it contains are worth a journey to examine: there are jewels, plate, and tapestry: historical documents and valuable

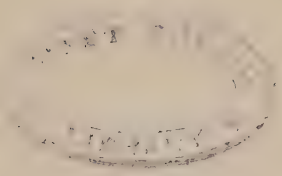
manuscripts; and the fine picture gallery is crowded with canvases that include paintings by Murillo, Correggio, and Giordano.

About two miles from Thomastown, in the south of County Kilkenny, are the ruins of Jerpoint Abbey, founded by Donagh, Prince of Ossory, in 1180. Wakeman referred to Jerpoint as "perhaps the grandest structure of the period remaining in Ireland." The same writer's description of the ruin is clear and informative: "The plan of the church was cruciform, with aisles on the north side of both nave and choir. The greater portion of the southern wall has been destroyed. The western window consists of three days or lights, with semi-circular heads, surmounted by a continuous weather moulding. A fine range of clear-story windows of the same character appears in the northern wall of the nave. The tower, though of very considerable antiquity, is evidently of later date than the transition period, and was probably added contemporaneously with the Decorated window in the eastern end of the choir. The only entrance to the body of the church from the exterior appears to have been a small doorway in the south wall of the nave, and this is defended by a bartizan similar to those found upon castles of the twelfth century."

From Waterford two lines run into County Wexford—one by New Ross, the other crossing the Barrow slightly north-west of Waterford and keeping near the southern coast. The latter touches the sea at the head of Bannow Bay—a spot made famous by Mrs. Hall as her "own loved Bannow"—and then turns northward to Wexford, the most southerly town of note on the eastern Irish coast.

The history of Wexford is somewhat similar to that of Waterford. It was a city of the Ostmen, and like Waterford it became an early centre of Anglo-Norman power in the south. In its later history it was less fortunate than its sister city. Cromwell captured Wexford by the treachery of its governor, Stafford, and gave orders that neither man, woman, nor child should be spared. During the rebellion of '98 Wexford was the chief stronghold of the insurgents until the defeat of their main company at Vinegar Hill.

There is hardly a building in Wexford with any pretensions to age that has not its historical associations—mostly unpleasant. One of the most famous erections is St. Selskar's Church, formerly the Abbey of St. Sepulchre. Tradition asserts that a temple to Woden once occupied the site of St.



THE VALE OF AVOCA, Co. WICKLOW. *Page 155*

Selskar's. When they adopted Christianity in the eleventh century the Danes are believed to have erected this monastery. The existing church is modern, but it is connected with the ancient tower that still does duty as a belfry. The earliest treaty with the English was signed here when Fitzstephen occupied the town in 1169. Three years later Henry II. passed the season of Lent in St. Selskar's while he repented the slaying of Thomas à Becket. Three years more, and the mail-clad figure of Raymond le Gros stood before St. Selskar's altar to wed Basilia, Strongbow's sister. During the war between York and Lancaster, the victorious Earl of Desmond held a parliament here. Later, the abbey experienced the usual fortunes that attended a religious establishment in the days of the Dissolution. Cromwell is supposed to have carried away the bells of this church, and they were said to have been installed in a church in Liverpool. Tradition relates that the freedom of the town of Liverpool and exemption from the dues of that port were granted to the freemen of Wexford to compensate them for the loss of their bells.

At least two other houses in Wexford gain an interest from their former occupants: one is the house in Main Street wherein the gallant Lord

Protector, "warts and all," took up his residence after the capture of the city; the other, in the Corn Market, has gentler memories associated with it. "One of the noblest-minded as well as most warm-hearted of all God's creatures was born under that lowly roof," said Tom Moore; and since the poet referred to his own mother there is nothing to add.

At Macmine Junction the two lines from Waterford meet and mutually agree to pass as one line for the rest of the journey to Dublin. The line goes through Enniscorthy, where Vinegar Hill of famous memory overlooks the town, and continues on to Ferns, the ancient city of the Leinster kings. Here there is the fragment of an old castle begun by Maurice Fitzgerald in the twelfth century. This castle was quadrangular, with a circular tower in each angle; one of these towers is still practically entire, and contains a small chapel with a groined roof. Between the early ninth and the mid-seventeenth century the history of Ferns is little less than a catalogue of the occasions on which it was sacked and burned by Irish, Danes, Normans, and Parliamentarians. The interest of the town is in its past, and little tangible evidence of that past remains to-day except the shattered castle wall, the

ruins of the old Augustinian monastery, and the famous "holy well" that is said to have been sunk by St. Aiden in the sixth century.

Beyond Ferns the railway goes through Gorey to the northern Wexford border, entering Wicklow, the "Garden of Ireland," at a point just south of Arklow.

CHAPTER IX

THE GLENS OF WICKLOW

Wicklow is one of the "sight" counties of Ireland. Probably no other county possesses such a remarkable and contrasting variety of scenery. There are mountain glens that reproduce all the wild grandeur of the West; there are sylvan landscapes of a delicacy that would put a Corot to the blush; there is the inspiring magnificence of sea and cliff; and lakes and valleys of a sombre beauty that Connacht cannot surpass. The scenery of Wicklow is like the music of many instruments, each characteristically different, yet blending together in one delightful harmony. At Glenmalure there is the blood-stirring music of the pipes skirling down from Croghanmoira. Avoca is drawing-room music set for the piano and executed with a technical perfection that causes one to forget the music in admiration of its rendering. Glendalough is harp-music, mournful, exquisite, stealing in soft melody over darkly still water. The Dargle is the dancing, lilting music of a fairy

GLENDALOUGH, Co. WICKLOW

fiddler. And from the Wicklow shore come deep-sounding echoes of the diapason of that great organ, the sea.

One of the most famous spots in Wicklow is the Meeting of the Waters, formed by the junction of the Avonmore and Avonbeg Rivers at Castle Howard, below Rathdrum. Becoming the Avoca, the river flows through the Vale of Avoca to Woodenbridge, where the Aughrim River joins it to form the second Meeting. The first of these, the junction of Avonbeg and Avonmore, is the subject of Moore's verses.

This section of the county, from the Meeting of the Waters down the Vale of Avoca, is the most exquisite landscape garden in the world. There is a valley between walls of hills that are covered with trees, their tops billowing in seas of sun-kissed greenness. It is a perfect blending of soft colours: the limpid blue of the sky, the radiant green of the trees, the warm gold of the sunlight, the clear silver of the water. The leaves make intricate lace-work patterns against the sky, and the waters meet and sing their laughter-song above the stones.

Glendalough, about six miles north-west of Rathdrum, is in striking contrast to the charming "water-colour" of Avoca. There is a high point

on the approach to Glendalough whence the entire valley is visible. The Glen of the Two Lakes, outspread beneath, appears as a natural amphitheatre. In the background, and upon either side, the dark mountains climb steeply to the skies. At the far end of the arena is the Upper Lake with Lugduff glowering above it. A neck of low-lying land separates the Upper from the Lower Lake. Here the valley widens into green fields, dotted with clumps of trees; and against the bright shield of the Lower Lake the grey and slender shaft of a round tower rises clear-cut and graceful in the centre of the smiling valley. And it *is* smiling, for though the beauty of Glendalough is distinctly of the "Dark Rosaleen" type, its gloom seems to have been unduly stressed. Any sheet of water unrelieved by islands or thickly wooded shores and encompassed by dark hills must have a certain sombreness; but Glendalough, seen on a day of bright sunlight, could never be called gloomy.

The valley was the site of an ecclesiastical foundation, and the existing ruins are probably the finest archæological remains of the period in Ireland. The founder, St. Kevin, belonged to the second order of Irish Churchmen. He is said to have been born about A.D. 498, and to have lived

to the age of one hundred and twenty years. Whether he ever lived here as an anchorite, occupying the little cave with which his name is traditionally associated, is not certain; but it is obvious that a considerable monastic settlement grew up in this valley, surrounded by what at that time would be considered a city; and it would further seem that Glendalough was sufficiently important to become the seat of a diocese of which St. Kevin was the first bishop.

The Upper Lake lies at the far end of the valley. To the left of the road the shore slopes down to the water in a green bank thinly sown with tall trees. Upon the farther shore the mountains rise sheer from the lake, with Lugduff and Derrybawn blotting out the sky; and in between stretches the lake, still, cold, darkly clear as a glacier pool. In the cliff-face of Lugduff, some thirty feet above the water, is the queer hole known as *Leaba Caomhghin*, St. Kevin's Bed.

The cave can only be approached by boat across the lake. On the farther side a narrow ledge of rock serves as a landing-place. The ascent to the cave is performed by wriggling up the rock-face more or less at the angle at which a fly climbs a wall. The ascent is quite possible, but it calls for

activity and a certain faith in Providence. The cave is roughly scooped out of the rock, and is certainly not a natural excavation. It is fairly lofty at the entrance and wide in proportion, but it narrows immediately. It is a stone pigeon-hole; and in the right-hand wall is a niche with a rough ledge, St. Kevin's Chair. There is nothing else within the cave, in which there is scarcely room for two to sit down. The legend is that St. Kevin took refuge here from the unwelcome attentions of a damsel named Kathleen. The lady, however, followed him to this barely accessible spot; at her appearance, the saint, roused to anger, hurled her from the ledge into the lake below, and

> Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
> Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
> Soon the saint (yet ah! too late)
> Felt her love, and mourned her fate.
> When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
> Round the lake light music stole;
> And her ghost was seen to glide,
> Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

Thus Tom Moore, with a touch of unaccustomed bathos, concludes the tragedy.

The most interesting ruins of the Seven Churches are clustered near the Lower Lake. Here, near the old cathedral church, is a splendid round tower.

The origin and significance of these towers is one of the most vexed questions in archæology. Originally it was held that these erections were of Phœnician or Indo-Scythic origin, and that they sheltered the sacred fire from which all the fires in Pagan Erin were relit every year. This was Vallancey's assumption, and Mrs. Anna Wilkes added some startling but absorbing theories in her now forgotten little book—*Ireland: Ur of the Chaldees.* Later, every imaginable theory, plausible or otherwise, was suggested. The towers were fire-temples, phallic towers, or were used as refuges from enemies, for penitential purposes, as watch-towers or belfries of churches, and for many other purposes. Petrie, however, after long and patient investigation, came to the conclusion that the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin. As such they are now generally regarded, though the model for their construction may possibly be both Pagan and Eastern. Giraldus Cambrensis was the first authority who called them "ecclesiastical." A few of them are as early as the sixth century, some as late as the thirteenth, and the considerable majority of the tenth to twelfth centuries.

It has been suggested that the round towers also served as store-houses for treasures such as manu-

scripts. The wholesale destruction of books by various plunderers in Ireland, from the Ostmen down to the Cromwellians, constitutes the worst literary tragedy since the destruction of the Museum and the Serapeum in Alexandria. This wholesale iconoclasm has robbed the world of much and Ireland of more; but these invaders were not the only criminals. St. Patrick, though far from being an iconoclast, was distinctly an offender. He burned many of the Pagan Irish manuscripts; and this stray item of information is less frequently mentioned than the Cromwellian ravages.

The Round Tower of Glendalough is over one hundred feet high, and is tall, slender, and stone-capped, though the cap is not original. It tapers high above the trees of the graveyard in which it stands, and doubtlessly it has seen a good deal of history, from the slaughter of Grey's dragoons by Fitzgerald and O'Byrne down to the days of '98 when Dwyer and his following found safe refuge in the fastnesses of this region.

The little graveyard reminds one of those cypress-shadowed cemeteries in Constantinople. It has the same dark tranquillity. In the centre of it are the ruins of the old cathedral church, roofless and shattered. All the architecture of Glendalough has

considerable interest and quaintness, but little outstanding beauty. It is architecture that is only just learning to stand. This church, the *damhliag mor* of the foundation, is the ruin of a building that was never *architecturally* beautiful; but it has a strange, sad charm, standing so still and desolate; and all around are the graves, old and new, the graves of Ireland's ancient dead and of Ireland's recent dead, for of all nations the Irish are the most loyal to every tradition they hold dear. An epitaph from a stone marking the grave of one who died in 1793 reads:

> He was a Friend to the Unprotected, a Father to the Orphan, his Door even Open to the Poor.

Near here is St. Kevin's Cross, a large Keltic cross of stone standing amid the graves. This cross has the peculiar property of causing one's wish to come true, but it is essential that the wisher should link the cross with his arms until his finger-tips touch. The height of the shaft renders it deceptively slender, but the encircling operation can usually be carried out by standing in a certain position and manœuvring a little.

St. Kevin's Kitchen is a rather remarkable little building. It stands on a patch of ground from

which the turf has been removed, and the stripped surface around it glistens whitely in the sun. St. Kevin's Kitchen looks like a model made from dark cardboard, stuck on to a mount of white paper. There are two buildings, the second a smaller edition of the first and tacked on to one corner of it. The steeply sloping roofs, meeting in a stone watershed at the top, are of greater width from eaves to peak than the height of the walls upon which they are raised; and they are curiously slabbed with blocks of stone, not slated. At one end is a curious turret or belfry which is an exact replica of a round tower, even down to the queer little windows and the conical stone cap. This belfry is of later date than the rest of the building. There is nothing grand about St. Kevin's Kitchen, and the low crude arch of the entrance admits the visitor to nothing more striking than an interesting collection of local antiquities; but the charm of it is compelling, and somehow "different."

The Rhefeart, or Royal Cemetery Church, stands by itself, some distance from the other ruins. Very little is left of this building except the fragments of walls, entrance, and windows; but Nature appears to regret the ravages of time and the vandalism of man. The sunlight, the whispering leaves, seem

striving to protect this hallowed sanctuary, and even the breeze is hushed to gentleness. The old stunted crosses outside the walls, polished by centuries of weather, give a queer impression of tremendous age to the building. Rhefeart is so exquisite in its desolation that it almost seems as though it had never been a complete erection; as if it had been constructed as a model of what a lovely ruin ought to be. An ancient inscribed stone, popularly known as "King O'Toole's Monument," once stood in this graveyard; but it has disappeared years since as a result of the acquisitiveness of a certain class of tourist.

Glendalough is the Valley of Remembrance; and here, during a perpetual autumn, Nature "stands shadowless like silence, listening to silence." That is the atmosphere of Glendalough, and of all places its charm is most difficult to reproduce. An old gateway gives exit from this city of refuge. There are two round arches separated by a few feet of space that was once a covered passage-way. Pausing beyond the outer arch to take a farewell glance, the traveller gets what is possibly the prettiest glimpse of all. Seen through the frame of the outer gate, the inner gate seems as though painted on canvas. The ivy binds closely over the

crumbling arch as though Nature battled with Time to preserve it. In the far background is the mountain-side with the trees climbing and clustering about its slopes. Nearer, a mass of foliage, so darkly green that it appears black, robs the picture of half its dome of sky; and in the centre, its dazzling whiteness standing out with stereoscopic clearness, is a modern memorial cross. The sanctuary of Glendalough is gone, but the symbol of sanctuary remains.

Glenmalure runs parallel to Glendalough in the west. This is probably the most wildly lovely glen east of the Shannon. The Avonbeg River runs through the twelve miles of Glenmalure; a chain of mountains forms its western wall; and another range, with Killakee, Mullacor, and Lugduff for its highest peaks, lines it on the east. After the partition of this part of Ireland among the Norman adventurers and the dispossession of the rightful owners of the soil, the two clans of O'Toole and O'Byrne took to the hills and established themselves there, carrying on a destructive guerilla warfare with the foreigners of the Pale, particularly with the citizens of Dublin. These mountain-septs were so powerful that they were accustomed to make formal treaties with the

ST. KEVIN'S CHURCH, Co. WICKLOW

English. Once they swooped down on Dublin's east gate and plundered Gloriana's exchequer. Once they massacred three hundred of the citizens who were merrymaking at Cullen's Wood. The O'Tooles slaughtered the King's forces in the time of Richard II.; the O'Byrnes defeated and slew Mortimer, Earl of March, in Ossory a little later; and in 1580 the O'Byrne routed the Lord-deputy with great slaughter in Glendalough. Most famous of these mountaineers was Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, whose particular fastness was here at Glenmalure. In Elizabeth's time this territory was officially known as "Pheagh MacHugh's Country," and it was this Feagh who sheltered Red Hugh O'Donnell when the latter fled from Dublin Castle. O'Byrne's importance may be estimated from the elaborate precautions of Spenser's plan to trap him. This was "to place 200 men at Ballinacor, 200 at Knockalough, 200 at Ferns, 200 at Leix, and 200 at Offaly, from which may be conjectured the number of all his allies, and the terror of his arms." Feagh, however, met a fighter's death; he fell in an engagement with the Lord-deputy, Sir William Russell, in 1597.

Between Glendalough and the sea is the Devil's Glen, a mountain pass about a mile and a half long.

The steep sides of the Devil's Glen rise to a height of four hundred feet, and are clothed with almost every conceivable variety of forest trees. At the head of the pass is a mountain-torrent made by the Vartrey River, which here descends for nearly one hundred feet, forming a series of falls before it rushes through the narrow boulder-strewn bed of the glen. From the height of the glen-sides there is a splendid view of the surrounding country, including the Wicklow hills with the proud head of Lugnaquilla raised more than three thousand feet above the sea.

The glen country of Wicklow extends at least from the Glen of Imaal near Lugnaquilla to the Dargle on the border of County Dublin, and the region needs only a local genius to do for it what Moira O'Neill has done for the Glens of Antrim in order to make it the most popular district in Ireland. There are so many of these glens that it is impossible to enumerate them all in detail. The frequent repetition of the word "glen" is apt to suggest a certain sameness, but these passes are only similar in the way that a variety of coins are similar—all coinage, but all entirely different.

North of the Devil's Glen is the beautiful Glen of the Downs, and north of that again is the Dargle.

At Powerscourt a stream falls in a magnificent cascade from a height of three hundred feet and flows on until it reaches the Dargle Glen. This, "last, loveliest" of all the Wicklow glens, is about a mile long and is enclosed on both sides by precipitous banks where the oaks grow thickly. Here and there the bare rock rises perpendicularly through masses of foliage and bracken; and, hemmed between unyielding sides, the Dargle stream rushes through its twisted channel like a mountain torrent in its first plunge towards freedom.

It is only about two miles from the Dargle to Bray, one of the most popular seaside resorts in a country rapidly becoming famous for the variety and beauty of its seaside resorts, and at Bray Wicklow is left behind. North to Gormanstown and west to the salmon-leap at Leixlip stretches the historic County Dublin.

CHAPTER X

SOME FAMOUS IRISHMEN

Dublin, more closely associated with famous Irishmen than any other town in the country, seems the best place in which to introduce the subject of this chapter. Here a considerable number of Ireland's greatest were born; here the majority of them lived and laboured. In a chapter it is only possible to touch upon a theme that requires a volume, and the following names are only those of Irishmen who, in their various spheres, achieved a permanent place in the records of fame.

According the Church the privilege of their cloth, the first renowned cleric is James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh. Usher was born in Dublin in 1580. A precocious genius, he took his first degree at seventeen and was ordained before the customary age. At nineteen his reputation was increased by his controversy with the great Jesuit, Henry Fitz-Symonds. Usher, defending his youth, said: "If I am a boy . . . I give thanks to the Lord that my

carriage towards you hath been such as could minister unto you no occasion to despise my youth.' Other evidence of this cleric's brilliance is available. Camden, acknowledging his debt to Usher, wrote: "James Usher, chancellor of St. Patric's, who in various learning and judgement far exceeds his years." Apart from his learned writings, Usher is best remembered as the first to attempt a Biblical chronology. He died in Lady Peterborough's house at Reigate, and Cromwell accorded him a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. In this instance Johnson's verdict is that of posterity: "Usher is the great luminary of the Irish Church; and a greater no church can boast of."

Three eighteenth-century clerics are numbered among the immortals. Swift was Dublin-born, and the principal period of his career occurred during his occupation of the Deanery of St. Patrick's in that city. In Swift a love of ruth and a love of truth were blended in almost equal proportions, and his unhappy childhood and dependent youth gave a keener edge to a naturally satirical temper; but the world needs no introduction to the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, and certainly no Irishman worthy of the name needs one to the author of the *Drapier Letters*.

George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, was a friend and contemporary of Swift, and he benefited at the Dean's expense when Vanessa, having revoked a will in Swift's favour shortly after her quarrel with him about Stella, died a few weeks later and divided her fortune between Dr. Berkeley and Mr. Marshall. Berkeley's claim to fame rests on his philosophical works, particularly *Siris*, described as "the most curious book in English metaphysics." Hume defined Berkeley's *Dialogues* as the "best lessons of scepticism which are to be found among the ancient or modern philosophers"; but the definition is misleading. In practical religion, Christian charity, and unimpeachable private life, Berkeley occupied a position almost unique among the divines of an unquestionably loose period.

The third cleric has received a good deal of biographical abuse, but his standing as a literary immortal has long been recognized. Sterne has been called an Irishman by "the accident of birth," but a branch of the Sterne family had its home in Ireland for generations before the famous Laurence was born at Clonmel in 1713. Horace Walpole said *Tristram Shandy* was "a kind of a novel" that made one smile once or twice, "but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours." Yet a

greater than Walpole, Hazlitt, said that the story of Le Fevre was "perhaps the finest in the English language"; and it is certain that the Widow Wadman, Uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim will never die while English lives. Consumption carried Sterne off at the comparatively early age of fifty-five.

Among the clerics of the early nineteenth century one was known throughout Ireland for his pronounced views and his vigorous way of expressing them. Dr. M'Hale, the "Lion of the Fold of Juda," as O'Connell called him, was a Mayo man. He was professor of dogmatic theology in Maynooth and later Archbishop of Tuam. His name was famous outside Ireland, but in that country he is best remembered as a pioneer of the Gaelic revival. One of Dr. M'Hale's almost thankless tasks in this direction was the translation into Irish of Moore's *Melodies*, an Irish translation of six books of the *Iliad*, and a Gaelic version of the Bible.

Probably no greater name could be found to conclude this notice of Irish ecclesiastics than that of Nicholas Wiseman. This famous Cardinal of the Catholic Church was born in Spain, but his father was a Waterford man and his mother came

from Kilkenny. The boy studied at St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, under Dr. Lingard, the famous historian. Wiseman published his *Horæ Syriacæ* at eighteen; became a Doctor of Divinity before reaching twenty-three; professor of Oriental languages in the English College at Rome; and published his well-known *Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion* when only thirty-three. Appointed Archbishop of Westminster in 1850, Dr. Wiseman weathered the storm that burst with the introduction of the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," and became one of the most popular lecturers in England. The variety of his interests, the depth of his scholarship, and his close association with all forms of culture place Cardinal Wiseman very high in the list of famous Irish clerics.

One of Ireland's brightest galaxy of stars was contained in that brilliant constellation, the Irish Bar; and its greatest period was the eighteenth-nineteenth centuries. Here the celebrities jostle one another, too numerous for detailed mention; but though oratory may be a forgotten art, such names as Flood, Henry Grattan, Curran, O'Connell, and Sir Joseph Napier will be forgotten only when English law ceases to be practised. Edmund Burke, greatest of political philosophers, was an

THE DARGLE, Co. WICKLOW. *Page 167*

Irishman whose name was entered at the Middle Temple, but who never studied or practised law; but Burke was an exception. Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England at the close of the last century, was the first Irish Catholic to hold that office; and Sir Edward Carson, most skilful of cross-examiners, preserved in our own time the tradition of brilliant Irish lawyers.

In the world of letters are found the names of many famous Irish men and women. Maria Edgeworth, a "best-seller" of the early Victorian era, was born in England but belonged to a family that had been Irish since Elizabeth's time. Her earliest work was done in collaboration with her father, and *Castle Rackrent* was the first and best of her numerous tales. Her novels, dealing largely with Irish life, "date" and are little read to-day, but book-lovers are indebted to her for the existence of other and greater works than her own. Sir Walter Scott said that her artistry moved him to "attempt something for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland."

To the same period belong Maturin, Carleton, and Lover. Maturin was Dublin-born and a graduate of Trinity College, and incidentally one of

the most comical birds who ever nested in the literary tree. Curate of Loughrea, he was later transferred to St. Peter's, Dublin. Maturin's flair was for thrillers of the *Castle of Otranto* type, and he was unfortunate to have launched most of them at a time when the discriminating public had become a trifle weary of these blood-curdling romances. Most of Maturin's novels were severely handled by the critics, but Scott was kind and Byron helpful, and Maturin's tragedy *Bertram* was produced at Drury Lane. It ran for thirty nights, and netted its author over £1,000. Maturin, inflated with success, came to London to receive the worship of the metropolis. London, however, failed to bend the knee, and the curate retired to his curacy in high dudgeon. This French-descended Irishman is said to have swathed one leg in bandages to attract attention to the shapeliness of the other limb, and it was his practice to stick a wafer on his forehead when the "estro of composition" descended on him, so that his family should leave him undisturbed.

Samuel Lover is like a breath of fresh air after Maturin. Lover was also a Dublin man, though most of his life was spent outside Ireland. Cursed with versatility, Lover yet managed to achieve

material success. He was artist, song-writer, composer, dramatist, and novelist. He published three hundred poems and songs, and composed the music for two-thirds of them. His miniature of Paganini was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and he was asked to execute a portrait of the Princess Victoria. He also wrote burlesques and dramas and the music and words of operettas, all of them produced in London; while *Bentley's Miscellany* and the *Dublin University Magazine* took their first steps under his guidance. Lover's literary and artistic fecundity could only end in mediocrity, but he wrote one book that is immortal—*Handy Andy.*

William Carleton was the master-painter of the Irish "peasant." Born in this class and passing most of his earlier years among them in his native Tyrone, he had first-hand knowledge of his subject, and his work is free from that faint, insulting patronage so detestably common both to many Irish and most "English-Irish" writers of the last century. Carleton, a product of the hedge-school, reached his thirty-sixth year before his first book was published, the well-known *Traits and Stories.* From then on his pen was prolific in sketches and novels, and there was scarcely an Irish periodical of his day in which his work did not appear. Carleton

did not study his characters from the "big house" of some rural rajah; he *knew* the subjects of his portraits, and drew all the fierceness and gentleness, the dark hatred and warm generosity, of the temperamental Irish character. His earliest novel, *Fardorougha the Miser*, remains the most vivid and powerful story of Irish life ever written.

In this same century flourished Charles Lever, the carpenter's son, and author of so many dashing stories of military life; and Joseph Sheridan le Fanu who, among many other novels, wrote that fine mystery story, *The House by the Churchyard.* One of the greatest of women novelists now made her bow to the world when Charlotte Brontë, daughter of an Irish handloom weaver, published *Jane Eyre* in 1847; but the work and the life-story of the Brontës is history now. The nineteenth century may be said to close with an Irish author who, if circulation counts for anything, was one of the most widely read authors of modern times. Mayne Reid was born in the "old County Down," and his life reads like one of his own romances. The author of *The Scalp Hunters* may need an introduction to the boys of to-day, but not to the men of to-day who were boys a while ago.

KILLINEY HILL AND BAY, Co. DUBLIN

A million copies of *The Scalp Hunters* were sold in the author's lifetime.

Irish novelists are not less famous at present. The names of Senator W. B. Yeats, Patrick MacGill, Liam O'Flaherty, Shane Leslie, "George A. Birmingham," and Shan Bullock are household words. And there is Edith Somerville and "Martin Ross" to add to this list of stars.

Ireland has always been rich in poets. Even excluding all the great singers in the native tongue, the company remains an impressive gathering. First among them is Sir John Denham, in Johnson's words "one of the fathers of English poetry." His outstanding work was a poem of about three hundred lines, *Cooper's Hill*, declared by Dryden to be "for majesty of style . . . the standard of good writing." Denham died in 1669, and the following century saw the birth of Thomas Moore, best loved of Ireland's poets.

Moore was the son of a grocer, and was born in Aungier Street, Dublin, in 1780. In company with so many others of his illustrious countrymen, Moore was enrolled as a law student at the Middle Temple. His translations of the *Odes of Anacreon*, dedicated to the Prince of Wales, acted as a passport to London's highest social circles, and his poet-

ical and musical talents completed the conquest. Moore became the darling of London society, and with the large sums his pen brought him and the award of a pension of £300 a year in his later days, Moore's life should have been rather more easy than those of his literary contemporaries. Still, though he made £30,000 from his pen, almost his sole asset at death was the MS. of his diary. *Lalla Rookh* is his most elaborate work, but it is the *Irish Melodies* that have made him immortal.

Moore has been called "a poet of single lines." Contemporary with him was a poet, likewise Dublin-born, who is remembered as the writer of a single poem. Charles Wolfe died at thirty-two, and though he wrote other verses, his claim to immortality rests on the famous *Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Political conditions in Ireland during the eighteenth-nineteenth centuries called into being a school of poets whose fiery verses made *The Nation* one of the most brilliant of periodicals. Their work was largely the product of the times, but much of it will never die. The unhappy Mangan was one of the greatest, and his English rendering of the Irish poem, *Dark Rosaleen*, is world famous. Thomas Davis, of *Fontenoy* fame, and D'Arcy

M'Gee were two other members of this school; and a fourth who deserves mention is R. D. Williams, "Shamrock" of *The Nation*. "Shamrock" sleeps in a far grave in Louisiana, but the exquisite *Adieu to Innisfail* remains one of the most convincing declarations of a passionate love of country ever proffered to Ireland by one of her sons.

In conjunction with Davis and Dillon as founders of *The Nation* was Charles Gavan Duffy. After the disruption of the Independent Irish party, Duffy emigrated to Australia, where he became Prime Minister of Victoria and Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. The fame of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy rests rather on his literary achievements than his political activities. His most famous poem is probably *Inishowen*, and the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland* went into forty editions in forty years.

Among the poets whose work was not inspired by politics Allingham is one of the elect and his position is assured. His lyrics are his best work, but some of his longer poems are justly famed: *Abbey Assaroe*, for example, or those better-known verses on his native town, *Adieu to Ballyshannon*. Denis Florence MacCarthy was another poet who,

though he contributed to *The Nation* in his youth, did not concern himself too much with political themes or controversies. Sir Samuel Ferguson, a Belfast man, commands special notice as an Irish poet who laboured wholeheartedly for Ireland without ever differentiating between creeds or political faiths. Ferguson began as a contributor to *Blackwood's*. *The Hibernian Night's Entertainment* is a prose-work of his, but he was more a poet than anything else. The epic *Congal* is well known to Irish readers, but the most popular of Ferguson's works are his translations from the Irish, *Lays of the Western Gael.*

The modern poets include Moira O'Neill, already noticed elsewhere, Kathleen Tynan, Seamus O'Sullivan, and many others. And the great A.E., too, who will always be read, if only for the sake of those two lines:

> "Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken wings,
> While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal things."

The world of letters concludes with the journalists of outstanding literary fame. Dick Steele, another Dublin man, may be called the first notable Irish journalist, for though he was also playwright and pamphleteer, his reputation is founded on *The*

Tatler, of which he wrote the first eighty numbers; *The Spectator*, which he launched in company with Addison; and *The Guardian* and *The Englishman*, neither of which lived very long. Steelė robbed himself of half his fame to make a mantle of glory for Addison, his friend, but at the lowest estimate Sir Richard Steele was a great journalist, editor, and essayist.

It is a long jump from Steele to Mahony—some one hundred and fifty years—but "Father Prout" is the next Irish journalist whose writings are still read. Francis Sylvester Mahony came from the "Athens of Ireland," Cork. The *Shandon Bells* was written in the Irish College at Rome, but afterwards Mahony cut himself adrift from the religious life, and settling in London began to contribute the "Prout Papers" to *Fraser's Magazine*. Later he became Rome correspondent to Dickens's paper, the *Daily News*, and a contributor to the *Globe*. Mahony died in Paris in 1866.

In more recent years some of the greatest names in journalism are Irish: Sir William Russell, the famous war correspondent of *The Times*; O'Donovan and Power; Justin McCarthy, once a reporter on the *Morning Star*, but better remembered as the author of *A History of Our Own Times*; and

many others. Among living journalists there is T. P. O'Connor, the mention of whose name is sufficient; Stephen Gwynn, whose books are in every Irish library; and an Ulster representative, St. John Ervine.

One other, difficult of classification, completes the list of Irish men of letters. Sir Philip Francis was the son of Dr. Francis, the famous translator of Horace. Philip Francis was born in Dublin and educated at St. Paul's, London. He held various secretarial appointments, and his career was purely political, but his interest lies in his assumed connection with the most remarkable of literary mysteries—the authorship of *The Letters of Junius*. The letters were attacks on the leading men of the day, sparing none, but faithful in their "stern and steady attachment to the purest principles of the constitution." The first letter appeared in Woodfall's *Public Advertiser*; the last authentic one in the *Morning Chronicle*. Nearly fifty great names were advanced to clear up the mystery of the author's identity, but though supposition probably hits on the truth, "proof through facts which are indisputable" was wanting. Francis denied the authorship of the letters, but an ocean of words was written in an endeavour to prove him their creator.

In the dramatic field we touch the scene of Ireland's greatest achievements. "When," says Mr. Gwynn, "you have taken out Congreve, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Shaw, what is left of English prose comedy?" The query seems justified. The company of Irish dramatists is headed by "honest Tom Southerne," yet another Dublin man. Southerne was called the founder of the "modern school of dramatic production," but since he flourished between 1660 and 1746, it is unnecessary to add that it was not the "ultra-modern" school of our own day. His comedies were not outstanding, but his tragedies constituted his best work, and *Isabella* reappeared at intervals on the stage almost until the close of the last century.

Congreve, Farquhar, Macklin, Goldsmith, and Sheridan were roughly contemporary, all of them flourishing during the eighteenth century. Congreve, who in the opinion of Voltaire "raised the glory of comedy to a greater height than any English writer before or since his time," was a magnificent playwright and a contemptible man. His place of birth, principally through his disinclination to confess his nationality, is frequently given as Yorkshire. Congreve was Irish and

almost certainly was born in Ireland in 1672. His plays are not numerous, and his pose as a man of fashion who scorned literary labour possibly limited his output. His first success came with *The Old Bachelor*, staged in London when he was only twenty-one. His incomparable *Way of the World*, being his best production, was poorly received, and the disgusted dramatist thenceforward ceased to write for the stage, excepting only a brief attempt in 1704. Congreve died at Surrey Street, in the Strand, and a great Irish dramatist—and an even greater snob—sleeps to-day in Westminster Abbey.

Farquhar's life was more tragic than any drama ever staged. He was born in the "Maiden City," and began as an actor in Dublin. His greatest play was *The Beaux Stratagem*, completed in six weeks, which he did not live to see staged. Broken and disappointed, George Farquhar died in his twenty-ninth year. His works in book form went through eight editions after his death; but his widow (who deserved it) and his daughters (who did not) all died in poverty.

Charles Macklin was Farquhar's opposite, a good actor but an indifferent playwright. He wrote one successful play, *Love à la Mode*, but he is most remarkable as an actor who continued to act

to the age of ninety-eight. He reappeared in his famous part of Shylock in his own benefit, but his memory, already treacherous, failed him completely, and he was unable to finish the part. Macklin was one hundred and seven when he died.

Goldsmith, the Irish poet, playwright, historian, and novelist, belongs particularly to Ireland, but also to the world; and the world knows the story of this literary ugly duckling's development into the graceful swan. Sheridan also is too famous to need biographical details. Hazlitt, "the critic's critic," described *The School for Scandal* as "perhaps the most finished and faultless comedy which we have"; and with that fine tribute Sheridan must be dismissed. Sheridan, however, was the link between two periods. Last of the eighteenth-century dramatists, he lived into the first sixteen years of the last century, and after him came other great Irish playwrights—Gerald Griffin, Dion Boucicault, Wilde, Synge. So to the present, when the greatest living dramatist is Irish—also a Dublin man—George Bernard Shaw.

The theatre of war is, perhaps, the scene of Ireland's greatest achievements, and her distinctions have been won beneath many flags. "Since Crécy,

where six thousand Irish footmen were present, the Irish have uninterruptedly fought under the banners of England," says O'Connor; and here we can only consider a few of the great Irishmen who gained renown in the service of that country. Pride of place must again be given to a Dublin man, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, who was born at 26, Upper Merrion Street. Contemporary with the hero of Waterloo were the two brothers, Sir Charles and Sir William Napier: the first the conqueror of Scinde; the second a veteran of the Peninsular campaign and author of many military works. Of Irish soldiers born in the nineteenth century, two gained world-wide renown: Sir Garnet Wolseley of Ashantee fame, and Lord Roberts, the hero of Khudaganj. Roberts of Kandahar is the link with our own time, when, in the war of 1914-18, Irishmen particularly distinguished themselves and their names are found among the greatest of those who conducted hostilities on the Allied side: Kitchener, French, Maude, Mahon, and Gough. There is, too, another company of acknowledged heroes in the fifty-two Irishmen who won the Victoria Cross during those four tragic years.

On the sea Ireland has rarely been particularly

distinguished, if we except the nameless rank and file; but the names of at least two Irishmen will endure in English naval history—Beresford and Beatty.

To conclude this notice, there are many other illustrious Irishmen who form a sort of miscellaneous galaxy. Sir Hans Sloane, to whom London is indebted for the British Museum, belonged to Down. George Canning, British statesman, was born in County Londonderry; and Richard Burton, the great traveller, first saw the light in Tuam, Galway. Irish art preserves the names of Maclise, Mulready, Sir Martin Shee, and in later times, Lavery and Orpen. Irish scholars include such historians as Lecky, translators of Fitzgerald's quality, and such savants as O'Curry and Malone.

So it goes on, name suggesting name until one almost wearies of the endless catalogue. Ireland has given far more than her proportion of famous men to the world, and brilliantly have they fulfilled high and widely varying destinies, from the eleven Presidents of the United States in whose veins flowed the blood of Ulster down to the forgotten Burke of Galway, the first white man to cross Australia from Melbourne to the Flinders River.

CHAPTER XI

A GLIMPSE OF DUBLIN

Dublin is the Goldsmith of cities. It belongs to that great Irishman's period. It has all his scholarship and brilliance. Like to him, it has known evil days and hard struggles; yet there have been times when the velvet coat and gold lace have seen the sunlight, and if at night the velvet coat must go back to the garret, has it not been said that a garret is sometimes near the stars? And always beneath the brave velvet beats the generous Irish heart, over-warm at times, it may be, but at least never cold.

Yet it must not be thought that Dublin is a garret. It has slums. Mr. Sean O'Casey has indicated as much; but it has, too, vistas of surpassing fineness. And in every street and stone of it there is history.

The official name of Dublin—*Baile Atha Cliath*, the "Ford of the Hurdles"—is a revival of the ancient name which originated from a wicker

bridge that here crossed the Liffey. When the Danes established themselves here eleven hundred years ago they named the place from the Irish *Dubh Linn*, the "Black Pool." These Scandinavians were apparently of two species, for the *Finn Gall*, "Fair Strangers," held a tract north of the Liffey, and the *Dubh Gall*, "Black Strangers," a tract to the south. After the Irish victory at Clontarf the Ostmen continued to exist in Dublin until the coming of the Norman. Dane and Norman never mingled as Gael and Dane had already begun to mingle, and after the Norman occupation the Danes were herded out to Ostmantown—familiar to later generations as Oxmantown. From the time of Henry II., who made "Diveline" the Irish capital, the city remained the seat of foreign power, and its history is familiar to all. Its most superficially brilliant period was the eighteenth century, during which it was one of the best-known English cities. To-day it is what it never was before, a purely Irish town.

The heart of the modern city is College Green. Gilbert's *History of Dublin* says: "The locality at present known as College Green formed in the olden time portion of a considerable village outside the City of Dublin, styled 'Hogges,' or 'Le

Hogges,' a name derived from the old word 'Hoge,' or 'Hoga,' used to designate small hills or sepulchral mounds, the existence of which in this place was evidenced by vestiges found here in the reign of Charles I." The convent of St. Mary de Hogges and the Priory of All Hallows once stood where Trinity College now stands. The Bank of Ireland was once the house of Sir George Carew, "Cary's Hospital"; later it became the residence of Chichester, and prior to the Union it was the Irish House of Parliament. A little to the east stood the famous "Daly's," notorious as the meeting-place of the "Hell-fire Club." Of two buildings in College Green, Mr. Gwynn says: "One may boldly say that the old Parliament House, the front of Trinity College . . . are not surpassed by any works of architecture built since 1750 within these islands." The name College Green came to supersede Hoggen Green in the early seventeenth century.

Dame Street takes its name from the gate which once marked the eastern extremity of the town. This gate bore a statue of Our Lady in a niche, and (also from its proximity to a church of the same name) was called the Gate of the Blessed Mary del Dam. Dublin topography is charming,

and the old maps afford some delightful instances. Cow and Fogg Lanes are scarcely poetical, but there are Sutors and Rosemary by way of compensation. Fishamble Street, Fagan's Gate, Bloody Acre, and Bully's Acre are all grimly suggestive; but Brides Alley, the Liberties, and Bachelor's Walk are quaintly pleasing, while the Bull Ring, the Hanging Tower, and even Cut Purse Row have a glamour all their own.

Dublin Castle, at the bottom of Dame Street, is one of the most famous buildings in Ireland. It was possibly erected in the form of a stockaded fort by the Ostmen. When the Norman made Dublin the capital, a fortress was obviously necessary. John instructed Myler Fitz-Henry "to erect a castle on the eastern brow of the hill on which the city stood, for which purpose 300 marks were assigned. . . . The castle, however, was not completed till 1220, during the government of Henry de Loundres." From Elizabeth's day, while long remaining a fortress and prison, the castle became the seat of government and so continued to our own time. It was from the Bermingham Tower of the castle that Hugh Roe of Tyrconnel escaped in the long ago.

Cork Hill, where is the City Hall, takes its name

from Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. The Hill is a continuation of Dame Street, and the castle lurks behind the City Hall. Lucas's Coffee-house once stood on the present site of the City Hall, and it was from here that Luttrell, the traitor of Aughrim, took a chair to his house in Stafford Street on the night he was assassinated. Luttrell is best remembered in connection with the contemporary epigram "unsurpassed for comprehensive bitterness":

> If Heav'n be pleased when mortals cease to sin,
> And Hell be pleased when villains enter in,
> If Earth be pleased when it entombs a knave,
> All must be pleased—now Luttrell's in his grave.

Continuing on and turning to the left opposite Christ Church, one comes to St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Tradition tells that St. Patrick visited Dublin, foretold its future prosperity, performed various miracles, and baptized sundry converts to Christianity at a well called by the monk Jocelyn "St. Patrick's Well." Near this famous spot a church is said to have been built. Certainly some kind of church existed here prior to the twelfth century, for in 1192 John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, elevated St. Patrick's to the dignity of a

HILL OF HOWTH AND IRELAND'S EYE, Co. DUBLIN

collegiate church. The cathedral church was built in the early thirteenth century, probably by Henry de Loundres, and the existing building retains the principal features of the original. The design is a Latin cross, and the style is the Early Pointed.

The exquisite Furlong spoke of a departed St. Patrick's when he said: "They have impwoved the cathedwal vewy much, for they have white-washed it inside, and put up *noo* banners." There is nothing in St. Patrick's to-day that is not beautiful and stately, from the vaulted grandeur of the nave to the splendour of banner and stall in the choir. It is very still and magnificent inside, as though even the dead were conscious of their greatness.

In this splendid church are monuments to Curran, that shining light of the Irish Bar; to Carolan, last of the Irish bards; to Lover, not least of Ireland's laughter-makers; and to many another. In the south transept there is one of the most interesting memorials of all. It is the battered door of the ancient chapter-house, and there is a hole roughly cut in it of which is told an interesting tale. In 1492, when the incident took place, the feud between Geraldine and Butler was still in its hot youth. One day in St. Patrick's this smouldering quarrel between Kildare and Ormonde "from ancient

grudge broke to new mutiny," and Kildare pursued Ormonde, who took refuge in the chapter-house. Peace was finally made, and Kildare promised that the fugitive should receive "no villanie." A hole was then pierced in the chapter-house door in order that the two might shake hands; but the cautious Ormonde feared to pass his hand through lest he should go one hand short for the rest of his days. In the end the impulsive Kildare thrust his hand through and a peace was patched up between Montague and Capulet. During the squabble the citizens who supported Kildare came into conflict with Ormonde's soldiery, and a flight of shafts was discharged in the church. As a result of this sacrilege the mayor was condemned to walk barefoot before the Host on the yearly feast of Corpus Christi. Not much in the story, perhaps, even with its memories of the swashbuckling days of cold steel, but the old door with the hasty hole in it makes the episode strangely vivid.

In St. Patrick's there are effigies in marble, marvels in glass, departed sanctity kneeling in brass, history in drooping flag, satire in stone, and loveliness in all things. And over the Robing-Room door is the tablet that bears Swift's epitaph, written by himself:

Hic depositum est corpus
Johnathan Swift S.T.D.
Hujus Ecclesiae Cathedralis
Decani
ubi saeva indignatio
ulterius
cor lacerare nequit.
Abi Viator
et imitare si poteris
strenuum pro virili
Libertatis Vindicatorem.
Obiit 19° die mensis Octobris
A.D. 1745. Anno Aetatis 78°.

Near by in the floor of the nave are the brasses that mark the graves and seal the stories of Swift and Stella.

Christ Church Cathedral was originally founded by Sitric in the eleventh century and dedicated to the Blessed Trinity. On the remains of this church built by the Christian Danes of Dublin the Normans raised the present cathedral. The remains of this earlier church are still visible in the crypt. St. Patrick's was outside the walls of the early Dublin; Christ Church was within; and a dissension arose between the two chapters as to which church was the cathedral of Dublin. This controversy lasted for centuries. "The dispute was terminated by an agreement that the archbishop should be consecrated

and enthroned in Christ Church, which, as being the more ancient, should have the precedency . . . but both churches should be cathedral and metropolitan." Yet Christ Church was something more than a cathedral church ; it was the theatre in which was staged all the pomp of Anglo-Norman power. In its early days Christ Church knew the banners of Anjou and Touraine, and Strongbow and his proud nobles knelt only before prelates proud and Norman as themselves. Parliaments were held here, and Lambert Simnel was crowned in Christ Church in the fifteenth century.

This cathedral is cruciform, with nave, transepts, choir, and a central tower. Wakeman says: "The arches of the northern nave wall are remarkably beautiful. They spring from piers formed of clustered columns, and displaying in their capitals foliage of most exquisitely graceful design. . . . Many of the arches display chevron mouldings, and the doorway which forms the present entrance to the nave is completely Norman. It was removed at the time of the re-erection of the north transept, in which it anciently stood, and placed in the south transept, where it forms a conspicuous and striking feature."

There is a singular defect in the original con-

struction where the line of direction deviates from the straight course. Standing in the choir and looking towards the entrance, this curious deviation is clearly seen; but it is so skilfully concealed with mouldings and bosses that it is rarely noticed until pointed out. In the nave is the curious monument of Strongbow with a deep cavity worn by generations of fingers in the marble skull. Beside it is the misshapen representation either of Strongbow's wife, Eva, or more probably of his son. This figure is said to have been mutilated by the fall of the roof. In the choir is a chair assured of its measure of fame since it is claimed that William, of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," once sat upon it. The most interesting part of Christ Church, however, is probably the crypt. Here one gets back to the Ostmen's time and the dawn of Dublin history. St. Patrick is traditionally supposed to have said Mass in the crypt of Christ Church. It is very dim down in these arched vaults, but there are curious things to see, and here and there amid the gloom sculptured marble stands out in strange, unexpected beauty.

From Christ Church the ground slopes to the Liffey. Crossing to the northern bank one reaches the quays.

Along the quays, probably more than anywhere else in Dublin, is found the concentrated atmosphere of the city. Isolated examples are sometimes noted elsewhere: a doorway in a poverty-stricken area standing like a grimy tragedian among the battered properties of a circus: a doorway that has unaccountably survived from the days when the link-boys stuck their flambeaux beside the wall and the chairmen came splashing through the quagmire of the street. But such things are only isolated survivals. The great days of Dublin were in the eighteenth century. Those days are gone, but in the shops along the quays their treasures have found temporary sanctuary. To stroll westward from Bachelor's Walk is to know something of the delight of Anatole France's two priests in their endless perambulations among the book-boxes between the Pont Royal and the Pont Saint Michel. The place is like an old chest of drawers, crammed with the cherished possessions of generations. There are old books, old furniture, old jewellery, and all the odds and ends, rubbish and treasure, of other days. One would never be surprised to see men in knee-breeches and three-cornered hats browsing among these curious collections—shades from the old Dublin days when Crow Street battled

CARLINGFORD LOUGH, BETWEEN Cos. DOWN AND LOUTH

with the Thespians of Smock Alley, when the lovely Gunnings were the toast of the town, and little Peg Woffington charmed her native Dublin before she conquered Covent Garden.

Walking along here, where Stella walked often enough when she lodged in Stafford Street and went to dine with the Dean o' Sundays, and turning round by the back of the shattered Four Courts, one comes to St. Michan's Church. St. Michan's dates from A.D. 1095, and its interior is extremely interesting, but the graveyard that shrinks in the shelter of the high square tower and the vaults beneath the church enshrine some of Ireland's dearest dust. In the vaults are buried members of the Osborne family, the coffins standing upright against the walls. This practice is in accordance with a family tradition which seeks to facilitate the movements of departed Osbornes in response to "the trump of Judgement." Here, too, are the coffins which contain the remains of John and Henry Sheares, two of that deathless legion who gave their lives for Ireland.

In the graveyard of St. Michan's, in the shadow of a leaf-whispering tree, there is a heavy slab of stone. Its rough surface bears no single letter of any inscription. Here, "cold and unhonoured," lies the

dust of Robert Emmet, a dreamer of dreams.* His rebellion, if so abortive an attempt may be so called, failed in 1803. After the lapse of more than a century it is possible to recognize Emmet as a pure, noble, and high-minded idealist, but he is best remembered to-day as a lover who threw away his chance of liberty for the sake of a farewell. The story of his passion for Curran's daughter is one of those famous love-stories which endure because they were never consummated. Emmet died across the river, over there by St. Catherine's Church. On his way to the scaffold he took his last farewell of Sarah Curran, who waited in her coach at the roadside near Kilmainham. The tragedy of Emmet and Sarah Curran is immortalized in Moore's splendid lines:

> He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
> They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
> Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
> Nor long will his love stay behind him.

* * * * * *

South-west from Dublin is Kildare, where Maynooth preserves the memory of the great Geraldines.

* Which of the several possible graves in Dublin contains the remains of Emmet has never been definitely ascertained. Most probably in Bully's Acre or St. Michan's, with such evidence as is afforded by verbal tradition indicating the latter as the most likely place.

Due west is the wide central plain reaching from Trim to Tuam. Nearer, in the County Meath, are the stately ruins of Bective Abbey; the shattered walls of Mellifont; and all the loveliness of the Boyne Valley. On a lonely hill east of the Boyne the grass is green above all the poetry, romance, and colour of Erin—the Hill of Tara. Closer to the sea the northern road goes by Swords and Drogheda, past the tall crosses and remembering stones of Monasterboice, and on through Cuchulain's country to Carlingford and that matchless region that extends along the Louth and Down shores up to Newry and beyond. At Rostrevor is the Cloughmore Stone, a huge rock perched on the shoulder of Slieve Ban, just as it fell when the giant hurled it across from the Louth side. And if you start near the place where the sea comes in against the wall of the little market-square at Warrenpoint, you can walk along one of the loveliest roads in Ireland. About half-way to Newry stands the square old tower of Narrow Water Castle that has grown old beautifully during the long centuries of watching the narrows. Cross at the ferry and you can go walking on through valley and over hill until the purple heather is one with the twilight sky. I remember tall trees along the Newry road, cool shadows, and

the song of water; and on the other side, a little way up from the ferry, a huge fuchsia bush that overhangs the wall, its scarlet blossoms dropping like slow blood in the white dust. . . .

But perhaps it is not there now.

ROSTREVOR, Co. DOWN. *Page 201*

CABINET PUBLIC

INDEX

A. E. (George Russell), 180
Achill, 66; Head, 66; Sound, 64, 66
Aghadoe, 101, 102
Aiden, 53
Allen, Hill of, 12
Allingham, 179
Allua, Lough, 123
Antrim: County, 14-30; Glens of, 20; round tower, 30; town, 29
Aodh, 29, 30
Aran, 77
Argyle, 15
Argyll, house of, 13
Armagh: County, 34; town, 19, 31, 32, 33, 129
Art, Irish, 187
Art the Solitary, 10
Athenry, 74
Athlone, 72
Aughnanure Castle, 68
Aughrim, 75
Authors, Irish, 173, 174, 175, 176; modern Irish, 177
Avoca, or Ovoca, 154; Vale of, 155

Bagnal, 35
Ballaghbeama, Pass of, 120
Ballintober Abbey, 68
Ballycastle, 20, 21, 23
Ballynahinch, 67
Bannow Bay, 150
Bantry Bay, 120
Basilia, 86, 151
Beare, O'Sullivan, 75
Beatty, 187
Bective Abbey, 201
Bede, 33
Belfast, 4 *seq.*; Castle, 4; Lough, 1
Belle Vue, 7
Benbaun, 67
Benbo, 61
Bengorm, 67
Ben Gulbane, 11
Beresford, Lord, 145, 187
Berkeley, George, 170
Berwick, Duke of, 90
Birmingham, George A., 177
Black Abbey, 146, 148
Blackwater, battle of the, 34; river, 120, 134
Blarney Stone, 125; Castle, 124, 125, 126
Bloody Foreland, 55
Boisseleau, 90
Boru, Brian, 83
Boucicault, Dion, 103, 185
Boyle, Sir Richard, 136, 192
Bray, 167
Breffny, 57
Breffny, O'Reilly, 57
Breffny, O'Rourke, 57
Brian Boru, or Brian of the Tribute, 34, 86
Brickeen Bridge, 103
Brontë, Charlotte, 176
Bruce, Edward, 3, 75, 87; Robert, 21
Bullock, Shan, 177
Bun-na-Margie, 22, 23
Burke, Edmund, 172
Burke of Galway, 187
Burke, Theobald, 66
Burton, Richard, 187
Butlers, the, 148, 193

Cairns, cromlechs, 10, 64, 69
Canning, George, 187
Cappoquin, 137
Carey, Sir Peter, 27
Carleton, William, 173, 175, 176
Carnach, Connal, 32
Carnlough, 20
Carolan, 193
Carrick-a-rede, 24, 25
Carrickfergus, 3, 4; Castle, 2
Carrigahooly, 65
Carrowmore, 64
Carson, Sir Edward, 173
Cashel, 86, 128, 129; Cathedral, 130; Cross of, 131; of the Kings, 127; Rock of, 43, 127 *seq.*; round tower, 131
Cathach, 54
Cathedral Caves, 66
Cavan, County, 57

Cellachan, 86
Chichester, Sir Arthur, 4
Christ Church Cathedral, 195, 196, 197
Claddagh, 81
Clare, Burren of, 85 ; County, 83 *seq.*
Claremorris, 64, 68, 71, 74
Clerics, Irish, 168, 169, 170, 171
Clew Bay, 65, 66
Clonmacnois, 69, 72, 74 ; Cross of the Scriptures, 73, 74 ; Nun's Church, 73 ; round tower, 73 ; Teampul Dermot, 73
Clontarf, 34, 83, 84, 86, 140, 189
Clough-a-stookan, 20
Clyn, John, 147
Colleen Bawn Caves and Rock, 103
Columba, 15, 52, 53, 54
Columban Church in Scotland, 53
Cong, 69, 70 ; Cross of, 70
Congreve, William, 183, 184
Conn of the Hundred Battles, 10
Connacht, 57-83
Connal, Kinel, 14
Connemara, 67
Cooldrewney, 53
Corc, 128
Cork, city of, 120, 121 ; County, 116, 120 *seq.*
Cormac mac Art, 10
Cormac's Chapel, 129
Corrib, Lough, 68, 69, 70
Croagh Patrick, 66, 67
Croghanmoira, 154
Croker, Crofton, 100, 113
Crom Castle, 119
Cross, Irish, 73 ; Keltic, 73
Cuchulain, 32
Curran, 172, 193
Curran, Sarah, 200
Cushen, 72
Cushendall, 16, 21

Dalcassians, the, 83, 84
Dalriada, 15
Dargle, 154, 166, 167
Davis, Thomas, 178
de Burgo, 77 ; Edmund, 65 ; Richard, 76 ; William, 23, 65
de Burgos, the, 65, 87
de Clares, the, 83 ; Strongbow, 87, 141, 143, 148, 197
de Courcy, John, 2, 4
Deirdre, 32
de Lacys, the, 3
de la Poer, Charles William, 144
Denham, Sir John, 177
Derg, Lough, 43 *seq.*
Derry, 48, 49, 52
Derrybawn, 157
Desmond, 83, 116 ; Earl of, 151 ; Geraldine of, 142
Desmond Geraldines, the, 117
Desmond, Thomas, Earl of, 119
Desmonds, the, 119
Devenish, 40 ; round tower, 41
Devil's Glen, 165, 166
Devil's Mother, 67
Devorgilla, 45, 73, 140
Diarmid and Grania, story of, 10 *seq.*
Donegal Abbey, 55 ; Bay, 58 ; Castle, 55 ; County, 14, 41 *seq.* ; town of, 46, 55
Down, 1, 7 ; County, 201
Downs, Glen of the, 166
Drake, Francis, 22 ; John, 113
Dramatists, Irish, 183, 184, 185
Dublin, 168 ; Bachelor's Walk, 198 ; Castle, 19, 22, 46, 191 ; city of, 188 *seq.* ; City Hall, 191, 192 ; College Green, 189 ; Cork Hill, 191 ; Crow Street, 198 ; Dame Street, 190, 192 ; quays of, 198 ; Smock Alley, 199 ; topography, 190
Duffy, Charles Gavan, 179
Dunbrody Abbey, 145
Duniney Castle, 22
Dunluce Castle, 17, 26, 27, 28
Dun-na-sgaith, 72
Dunseverick, 25
Dwyer, 160

Eagle's Nest, 104
Edgeworth, Maria, 173
Ely Island, 41
Emania, 31, 32
Emmet, Robert, 200
Ennell, Lough, 72
Enniscorthy, 152
Enniskillen, 37, 38
Eochaid, 69
Eoghen, 14
Erne, Lough, 37, 39, 40, 43 ; Lower Lough, 37
Errigal, 55

Essex, 3, 22, 47
Eyre Square, 77, 78

Fair Head, 21, 22
Farquhar, George, 183, 184
Ferguson, Lady, 13 ; Sir Samuel, 180
Fermanagh, County, 36 *seq.*, 57
Ferns, 152
Fianna Eirinn, 10, 12
Fitzgerald, Edward, 145, 187 ; Lucy, 117 ; Maurice, 63, 152 ; Miles, 116 ; Raymond, 116
Fitzgeralds, the, 87, 148, 160
Fitzmaurices, the, 118
Fitzpatrick, 84
Fitzstephen, James Lynch, 78, 79, 81
FitzWalter, Theobald, 148
"Flight of the Earls," 48
Flood, 172
Foyle, Lough, 48 ; River, 48
Francis, Sir Philip, 182
Franciscan Friary, 146, 147
French, 186
French Church, 144

Galway Bay, 75 ; County, 67 *seq.*, 74 ; town of, 76 *seq.* ; tribes of, 76, 77
Garron Point, 20
Gartan, 52, 55
Geraldine, 145, 193 ; of Desmond, 142 ; Fair, 117 ; of Kildare, 88, 142
Geraldines, the, 63, 116, 117, 118, 119, 200 ; the Desmond, 117 ; the Kildare, 117
Giant's Causeway, 26 ; Chimney Tops, 26
Giant's Ring, 8, 9
Gill, Lough, 62
Glena Bay, 103
Glenariff, 20, 21 ; Ess-na-cruib, 20 ; Tears of the Mountain, 20
Glenarm, 17, 19
Glendalough, 154, 155 *seq.* ; cathedral church, 160 ; Lower Lake, 156 ; round tower of, 160 ; Upper Lake, 156, 157
Glendun, 21
Glengariff, 121
Glen Head, 55
Glenmalure, 47, 154, 164
Golden Vale, 127
Goldsmith, 183, 185
Gougane Barra, 122, 123
Gough, 186
Granuaile, 65, 66
Grattan, Henry, 172
Grianan-Aileach, 49, 50, 51, 129
Griffin, Gerald, 103, 185
Gulban, Connal, 14
Gunnings, 199
Gweedore, 55
Gwynn, Stephen, 6, 80, 81, 146, 182, 183, 190

Hag's Head, 85
Hamilton, Sir Frederick, 59
Harty, Sir Hamilton, 95
Holy Cross Abbey, 131, 132, 133
Horn Head, 55
Hy, 53
Hy-Niall, 14, 18, 37 ; Northern, 14, 15, 49, 50 ; Southern, 49, 72

Iar-Connacht, 67
Imaal, Glen of, 166
Inishowen, 29, 52
Innisfallen, 99, 100, 101
Iona, 53
Ireland, Northern, history of, 14 *seq.*
Irish Bar, 172, 173
Irish Brigades, 93, 94, 95

James I., 142
James II., 90, 142, 144
Jerpoint Abbey, 149
Jones, Paul, 3
Journalists, Irish, 180, 181, 182
Joyce's Country, 67
Junius, the letters of, 182

Keim-an-eigh, Pass of, 121, 122
Keltchar, 32
Kenmare River, 120
Kerry County, 96 *seq.*, 116
Kildare, 193, 194 ; County, 200 ; Gerald, Earl of, 130 ; Geraldine of, 142 ; Geraldines, the, 117
Kildavnet, 65
Kilkee, 86
Kilkenny, 146 ; County, 146 *seq.*
Kilkieran Bay, 67
Killakee, 164
Killaloe, 85
Killarney, 96 *seq.* ; Lower Lake, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103 ;

Meeting of the Waters, 103, 104; Middle Lake, 103, 104; Upper Lake, 104, 105
Killary, 67
Killursa, 71
Killybegs, 55
Kilmallock, 127
Kincora, 50, 85
King John's Castle, 89
King's County (Ua-Failghe), 72 *seq.*
Kinsale, 47
Kitchener, 186
Knocknarea, 63, 64

Larne, 16
Lauzun, 90
Lavery, 187
Lawless, Emily, 95
Leane, Lough, 97
Lecky, 187
Lee River, 120
le Fanu, Joseph Sheridan, 176
le Gros, Raymond, 86, 87, 116, 118, 141, 151
Leinster, 146 *seq.*
Leitrim, County, 57 *seq.*
Leslie, Shane, 177
Lever, Charles, 176
Limerick, 77; city of, 86 *seq.*; County, 86 *seq.*, 116; siege of, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93
Lismore, 135; Castle, 135, 136
Long Range, 104
Loughareema, 21
Louth, County, 201
Lover, Samuel, 173, 174, 175, 193
Lower Lake, 97
Ludlow, 97
Lugaid, 10
Lugduff, 156, 157, 164
Lugnaquilla, 166
Luttrell, 192
Lynch, James (Fitzstephen), 79, 80; Walter, 79
Lynch's Castle, 78

MacAinmire, Donall, 69
McCarthy, 18, 118
MacCarthy, Cormac, 124, 125, 127, 129
MacCarthy, Denis Florence, 179
MacCarthy, Dermot, 124; Justin, 181; Mor, 118; Mor, Donal, 106, 107
MacCarthys, the, 110, 124, 126
Mac Cool, Finn, 10, 29
MacCormick, Catherine, 119
MacCulinan, Cormac, 127, 129
MacDonagh, Brian, 63
MacDonnell, 14, 16; Angus Og, 18, 21; Colla, 27; James, 19; Sorley Boye, 18, 21, 22, 23, 27, 28
MacDonnells, 15, 16, 17, 18, 23, 27
mac Erc, Fergus, 2, 15
M'Gee, D'Arcy, 179
MacGill, Patrick, 177
MacGrath, Myler, 42, 135
M'Hale, Dr., 171
MacHugh, Malachy, 71
MacKarvil, Diarmid, 72
Mac Loughlin, 50
MacMahon, 94
MacMahons, 36
MacMurrogh, Art, 142; Dermot, 45, 73, 140, 141
MacQuillan, 23, 37; Julia, 24
MacQuillans, 27
MacWilliam, 65
Macha, 31
Macklin, Charles, 183, 184
Maclise, 187
Macnean, Loughs, 58
Maeroom, 123, 124
"Madman's Window," 20
Maeve, Cairn of, 63
Maguire, Brian, 36, 37
Mahon, 186
Mahony, Francis Sylvester, 181
Mallow, 126, 127
Malone, 187
Mangan, 178
Manorhamilton, 57, 59; Castle, 59, 60, 61
Manulla, 64
Mask, Lough, 68
Maturin, 173, 174
Maude, 186
Maynooth, 135, 200
Mayo, County, 64 *seq.*
Meath, County, 201
Mellifont, 201
Melvin, Lough, 58
Moher, Cliffs of, 85
Molaise, 40
Monaghan, County, 36
Monasterboice, 73, 201
Moore, Thomas, 119, 152, 158, 177, 178

Mor, Donal MacCarthy, 106, 107
Mount Melleray, 137, 138
Moycullen, 68
Moytura, Battle of, 64, 69
Muckross Abbey, 106 *seq.*
Mullacor, 164
Mulready, 187
Munster, 83-145
Murrisk Abbey, 66
Murtagh, O'Brien, 86
Mweelrea, 67

Naesi, 32
Napier, Sir Charles, 186; Sir Joseph, 172; Sir William, 186
Narrow Water Castle, 201
Nassau, William of, 90, 91, 92
Navan fort, 32
Neagh, Lough, 29
Nephin Beg, 64
Newry, 201
Niall of the Nine Hostages, 14, 34, 128
Norris, 22
Northern Hy-Niall, 14, 15; Ireland, history of, 14 *seq.*
Nuad of the Silver Hand, 64, 69

O'Brien, 85; Conor, 87; Donagh, 84, 149; Donal, 87; Donald, 130, 132; Mortogh, 50; Murtagh, 129; Turlogh, 86
O'Briens, the, 77, 83, 86, 87
O'Byrne, 160; Feagh MacHugh, 47, 165
O'Byrnes, the, 164, 165
O'Cahan, 27, 37
O'Connell, 172
O'Connor, Felim, 74; Roderick, 69; Rory, 141; T. P., 182; Turlogh Mor, 69, 70; Don, 71
O'Connors, the, 71, 74, 76
O'Curry, 187
O'Donnell, 14, 16; Hugh, 18, 47; Hugh Roe, 191; Nial Garv, 47; Red Hugh, 35, 46, 47, 48, 165; Rory, 48
O'Donnells, the, 18, 54
O'Donoghues of the Glens, 110; of Ross, 97
O'Donovan, 181
O'Driscolls, 65
O'Flaherty, Liam, 177
O'Flaherties, the, 68, 76
Old Weir Bridge, 103, 104
O'Malleys, 65
O'Neill, 3, 14, 16, 17; Art, 46; Con 17; Con mac Shane, 37; Hugh, 34, 35, 47, 48, 51, 90; Moira, 30, 180; Sir Nial, 144; Owen Roe, 35; Shane, 17, 18, 19, 27, 35, 42, 46
O'Neills, the, 18, 19, 35
Oranmore, 75
Ormonde, 193, 194; family, 146, 148
O'Rourkes, 45, 57
Orpen, 187
Osbornes, the, 199
Ostmen, 30, 33, 83, 139, 140, 150, 160, 189
O'Sullivan, Owen Roe, 111; Seamus, 180
O'Sullivan's Cascade, 102, 103
O'Tooles, the, 164, 165
Oughterard, 68
Ovoca. *See* Avoca.
Owen, 14; Kinel, 14, 18

Paris Island, 41
Perrot, 22
Pettigo, 43
Poets, Irish, 177, 178, 179, 180
modern Irish, 180
Portrush, 28
Power, 181
Powers, the, 144
Powerscourt, 167
Prout, Father, 181

Ramore Head, 28
Rathlin Island, 21, 22
Red Bay, 20
Red Branch, 32
Ree, Lough, 71, 72
Reginald's Tower, 143
Reid, Mayne, 176
Rhefeart Church, 162, 163
Riada, Carbri, 15
Roberts, Lord, 144, 186
Roscommon, 71; County, 71 *seq.*
Ross Castle, 97, 98; Errilly, 70
Lake, 68
Ross, Martin, 177
Rostrevor, 201
Round Towers, 159

Russell of Killowen, 173; Sir William, 181

Saddle Head, 66
St. Canice's Cathedral, 146
St. Fechin, 69
St. Fin Barre, 122, 123
St. Finian of Innisfallen, 99; of Moville, 52
St. John Ervine, 182
St. Kevin, 156, 157
St. Kevin's Bed, 157, 158; Cross, 161; Kitchen, 161, 162
St. Kieran, 72
St. Mary's Cathedral, 87, 88
St. Michan's Church, 199, 200
St. Molaise, 53
St. Nicholas's Church, Galway, 77, 80, 81
St. Patrick, 32, 44, 45, 123, 128, 129, 160, 192, 197
St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, 33, 34; Dublin, 192, 193, 194
St. Ruadan, 72
St. Selskar's Church, 150, 151
Sarsfield, Patrick, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94
Scattery Island, 86
Scholars, early Irish, 32, 33
Schomberg, 3
Schools, early Irish, 32, 33
Scotus, Johannes, 33
Seal Caves, 66
Shannon River, 72, 74, 85, 86, 89-91
Shaw, George Bernard, 183, 185
Sheares, Henry, 199; John, 199
Shee, Sir Martin, 187
Sheridan, 183, 185
Slievemore, 66
Sligo Abbey, 63; County, 62 *seq.*; town, 62, 63
Sloane, Sir Hans, 187
Soldiers, Irish, 185, 186
Somerville, Edith, 177
Southerne, Tom, 183
Steele, Sir Richard, 180, 181
Stella, 195, 199
Sterne, Laurence, 170, 171
Strancally Castle, 134
Strongbow. *See* de Clare.
Swift, Jonathan, 169; epitaph, 195
Swilly, Lough, 52
Synge, J. M., 185

Tara, 10, 31, 49, 72, 129, 201
Termon MacGrath, 41
Thomond, 50, 83, 87; Bridge, 89
Thurot, 3
Tipperary County, 127 *seq.*; Golden Vale of, 131
Torc Waterfall, 105
Tory Island, 55
Treaty Stone, 89
Tuam, 69
Twelve Pins, 67
Tynan, Katherine, 180
Tyr-Connaill, 14
Tyrconnel, 46
Tyrone, 51; County, 35
Tyr-Owen, 14

Ulster, 1-40
Usher, James, 168, 169

Valencia, 120

Warrenpoint, 201
Waterfoot, 20
Waterford County, 116, 134 *seq.*; town of, 139 *seq.*
Wellington, Duke of, Arthur Wellesley, 186
West Meath, County, 72
Westport, 64, 66
Wexford County, 150 *seq.*; town of, 141, 150 *seq.*
White Rocks, 28
Wicklow, County, 154 *seq.*; the Glens of, 154; Meeting of the Waters, 155
Wilde, 185
William III., 3, 87, 90-95, 142
Williams, R. D., 179
Wiseman, Cardinal Nicholas, 171, 172
Woffington, Peg, 199
Wolfe, Charles, 178
Wolseley, Sir Garnet, 186

Yeats, W. B., 177

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